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# SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

## The Front Page

VALUABLE as the Marsh Report undoubtedly is in its capacity of a blueprint for long-term developments after the war, it is a pity that the circumstances of its publication tended to make it overshadow the Heagerty national health scheme, which is an immediately practicable scheme for dealing with a single aspect of national welfare, namely health and medical care. The Heagerty scheme should be put in operation immediately; the Marsh projects are matter for careful consideration and deliberate planning. It is a weakness of the Marsh Report that it does very little towards sketching the machinery by which its proposals are to be carried out. It is true that the character of that machinery will depend largely on the co-operation of the provinces or else on constitutional amendments (which cannot be secured without a good deal of such co-operation at the moment of making them). But somebody will have to examine the existing set-up of welfare programs with a view to ascertaining how they can best be unified as the Beveridge Plan unifies the welfare programs of Great Britain.

The Heagerty scheme is actually embodied in the form of a draft Bill. It is concrete in every particular, and is based on existing machinery which can be adapted with little adjustment to perform the enlarged task now contemplated. It is a remarkably well drafted document, and should be dealt with at the present session of Parliament. Along with it, we suggest, might well be associated the Children's Allowances section of the Marsh Report, which is no more than a recognition for the classes below the income-tax level of a principle already, though inadequately, recognized for income-tax payers—the principle that the state owes something to those who are bringing up children which it does not owe to the childless. If you pay income tax, the state rebates to you $80 a year for each child dependent on you, up to eighteen years of age. There is just as much reason and more for the state paying the same allowance to persons whose incomes are below the tax level but who are bringing up children. It will no doubt be necessary for the state to satisfy itself that the child is actually being properly brought up, though the arguments for doing so apply just as much to the $80 rebated to the taxpayer as to the $80 paid in cash to the non-taxpayer; but this is a task which could be looked after by the health authorities.

### Lawlessness

WE TRUST that Col. Drew will withdraw from the position which he took, perhaps without mature consideration, during this week's discussion on the power situation in Ontario. No objection can be raised to his criticism of Mr. Symington as being an improper person to be the Dominion Power Controller; anybody is entitled to an opinion on that subject, and if a person who had been closely associated with a public-ownership power system had been appointed there would no doubt have been just as much outcry from the private power companies as there is now against Mr. Symington from those who claim to be "friends of Hydro." But when Col. Drew says that Ontario should "refuse to take orders from the Power Controller," he is getting on very dangerous ground.

Col. Drew claimed that he was not advocating lawlessness, but his words as reported by the press were: "Ontario has no right to take orders from Mr. Symington any longer. We should notify Ottawa that we propose to control our own power policy until such time as a Power Controller is appointed who has no private interests in conflict with those of the Ontario Hydro Commission." If this is not lawlessness we do not know what is. Col. Drew does not deny the constitutional right of the Dominion to regulate, in wartime, the operations of Hydro. But because he objects to the person in whom the regulative authority is vested, he proposes that Hydro, and the province of Ontario, should defy it.

Almost anybody who is affected by any of the controls now exercised by the Dominion Government can find some reason, often quite as plausible as Col. Drew's, for objecting to the person who happens to be controlling him. If such objections are to be a sufficient reason for refusing to submit to control, there is an end of all control in Canada, and with it an end not only of all directed war effort but of all stable government.

It is still entirely possible that compulsory service abroad may have to be resorted to by Canada before this war comes to an end. The Legislature of Quebec, while opposing such compulsory service, has studiously refrained from countenancing defiance of the law if it is introduced. We fear that Col. Drew's recent utterance may be used to support the contention that Quebec is entitled to refuse obedience to a law put into force—as it will be if it is put into force at all—by a parliamentary majority including none or practically none of the representatives of French Canada.

*RCN photo.*

**SO YOU THINK IT'S BEEN A HARD WINTER? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE LIFE ON THIS CANADIAN DESTROYER, WELL ICED FROM A NORTH ATLANTIC PATROL?**

### Without Titles

IT IS just twenty-five years since Canada freed itself from the shackles—as it evidently then considered them—of titles of honor granted by the Crown, and left, according to contemporary reports, some 350 expectant members of the Order of the British Empire to get along without that dignity. Since there has been considerable discussion recently concerning the motives which led to this step, it may be noted that the resolution of W. F. Nickle, the Kingston member, was couched in its original form so as to prohibit hereditary titles and all others which "will confer any title or honor upon any person other than the person in recognition of whose services the honor or title has been conferred."

The only case to which this latter clause applies is that of the wives of knights, who derive from their husband the title of Lady So-and-so, as do also the wives of the holders of the hereditary titles. It is clear therefore that what was objected to was the social precedence granted to the ladies in question. It would be immensely interesting to know who were the particular ladies whose prospective elevation to the rank of Lady excited the wrath of the parliamentarians, but so far as we are aware they have never been publicly identified.

## Security Projects

**Special articles on pages 6, 9, 14, 34, 40.**

### The Ballet

NOW that it is possible to look back on an entire week of Mons. Hurok's "Ballet Theatre" of the 1942-43 season, it is proper to record that local ballet experts seem agreed that not since the glorious first days of the Russian ballet in America has this country seen so admirable an all-round presentation of this noble art. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven;" and the ballet of 1943 is so near to the ballet of the dawn that the young who have been flocking to witness it until the theatre could hold no more may well assure themselves that they have been as near to heaven for a few hours as any art is likely to take them.

The dancers are of course no longer predominantly Russian. The ballet is Russian only in the sense that they are working in the profoundly healthy tradition which grew out of the participation of the peasants on the estates of the great nobles who maintained the earlier ballet companies—a tradition so rooted in the lives of the common people that the Revolution made no difference in the ballet theatre in Russia itself except that the Commissars now sit in the boxes once occupied by the Tsar's favorites. The preservation here of that tradition is due largely to the presence of such veterans as Leonide Massine and Adolf Bolm; but among the younger dancers Anton Dolin is an Irishman from England and many are Americans and even Canadians. The men dancers of this company are superbly virile, with no hint of that effeminacy which intrudes only when ballet becomes second-rate; the women are femininity personified. And the atmosphere of pure poetry, evoked by the collaboration of the three sister arts of music, rhythmic motion and pictorial design, uplifts and ennobles the theme of every drama.

### Not So Collective

"COLLECTIVE bargaining" is an emotion-provoking catchword, and like all such, it lacks any definite scientific connotation. Originally it meant anything other than individual bargaining, anything other than the establishment of the employment agreement between the employer and the individual worker, each worker agreeing for himself and no other. For a long time after the beginnings of labor organization, the employers as a rule stood out for this individual agreement, and the workers contended for whatever alternative form of agreement they thought they could most easily put over on the employer.

The situation is now greatly changed. Hardly any employer now stands out for the purely individual agreement; the conflict is between the type of collective agreement favored by the employer (and not infrequently favored also by a majority of his employees) and the type favored by whatever powerful union organization happens to get the best foothold in the

*(Continued on Page Three)*

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LEONARD MARSH, Ph.D. —*Photo by Karsh.*

# NAME IN THE NEWS

## The William Beveridge of Canada

BY ANNE FROMER

THE social charters of the three greatest English-speaking nations —Britain's Beveridge Report, the program of the United States National Resources Planning Board, and Canada's brand-new social security document—all had their beginnings under the same roof. They were conceived in the studies of two men and a woman at the London School of Economics.

When Leonard Marsh, technical advisor to the Canadian Committee on Reconstruction and author of the social security report, passed up an Oxford scholarship to attend the School, he found himself under the tutelage of a professor named William Beveridge, since become famous as author of the plan bearing his name, and of a lecturer named Evelyn Burns, who later went to the United States to draw up the social security portion of the American program.

Leonard Marsh has been an economist for a quarter of a century—and he is just thirty-six years old now. The apparent error in addition is due to the fact that he was an "economic prodigy," as some children are musical prodigies, and he was eleven when he won his first scholarship to a secondary school which, he had discovered in advance, had an excellent teacher of economics. Marsh "worked his way through college" by acquiring all available scholarships within grasp.

Yet when he won the famed Gonner scholarship which provides a handsome sum for purchase of books, he chose to invest heavily in musical works rather than in social documents.

"That was the time," he says, "when I nearly became a concert violinist. Somehow I was dissuaded, on the grounds that a musician seldom becomes rich—and became a college professor instead."

However, to mourn his abandoned career, he learned to play the viola and 'cello, and nowadays his favorite relaxation from economics is making private records with his wife, who plays the piano, and Sidney Fisher, chemical engineer and flautist.

"But I don't think the recording man likes my playing much," he bemoaned. "He sticks me away in a corner so far from the mike that the records sound like 'duets for flute and pianoforte'."

Studying economics at the London School wasn't always easy. "There was a day," Marsh recalls, "when old Professor Cannon didn't show up for a lecture. The class waited to see what would happen—and it did. A glamor girl walked through the door, brought the class sharply to order, and proceeded to give us a sound lecture on the theory of marginal utility—or something like that. I don't think any of us remembered much of what she said, although we hung on to her every word—but before the lecture was over just about every undergraduate had fallen in love with that lecturer. And that was my first meeting with the great economist Evelyn Burns."

On graduation, Dr. Marsh began post-graduate studies in London under the late great United States economist, Allyn Young.

Working for his Ph.D. under this master, part of the young economist's duties was to deliver a number of lectures to the students of the London School.

"And what," beamed Dr. Young, "would you like to lecture on?"

"The principles of economics," Marsh replied blandly. It was like a high school youth applying for a job as president of a railroad.

"That," said Dr. Young, much less benignly, "happens to be the subject I lecture on."

"So," related Dr. Marsh, "I had to settle for a less ambitious subject, the mobility of labor."

"I learned from him more about the United States than most Americans," Dr. Marsh continued, "because one of my 'apprentice jobs' was to write for him whole chapters on an American encyclopedia he was drafting. Young wanted me to go to Harvard, but he died before the plans were completed."

Harvard's loss was Canada's gain, for the next "job" which presented itself was to head the Social Research Department at McGill University. The McGill authorities had asked Sir William Beveridge for a likely candidate, and the latter recommended Marsh.

The association of the two men had not ended as professor and student. They were co-authors of the treatise on unemployment in "London Life and Labor," that authoritative series of studies of social conditions in the world's metropolis.

"I", recalled Dr. Marsh, "did the leg work. This type of research might be described as 'slum crawling'—a cross between slumming and pub-crawling, without any of the fun. I'm afraid I had no adventures worthy of the name, unless an abiding fear of those London slum rats can be described as adventure. They always looked so hungrily at me!"

He arrived in Canada in 1929, greatly preoccupied with preserving the dreadful secret that McGill's new department head was just one year removed from legal boyhood. Stephen Leacock used to twit him: "You came to cope with the unemployment problem—and it has been getting worse ever since!"

Marsh decided to become a Canadian—thoroughly. He wanted to cross the country by road, was disgusted when told that it was "almost impossible" to go from east to west without crossing a "foreign border." So, with his newly-acquired wife—Helen Cautley, daughter of R. W. Cautley, surveyor of the Alberta-British Columbia boundary—he made one of the pioneer transcontinental road trips entirely on Canadian soil.

Another step towards full Canadianization was learning French, so Marsh moved in with a Quebec family. But his English so fascinated the household that they decided to learn it, with their guest as teacher. Today the family speaks excellent English—but Marsh still knows no French.

The Marshes have five children—two of their own—three war guests. Younger of the Marsh offspring is 18-months-old Hilary who already has a "job."

"She serves as an extremely efficient alarm clock," observed her father, "and wakes up the family 7.30 on the dot every morning—Sundays included."

### Very Full Employment

When Leonard Marsh speaks of full employment—as he frequently does—he knows whereof he speaks. He came to Canada with "half a Ph.D," found his life so filled with lectures at college, writing numerous studies on unemployment and allied problems, doing research into Canadian industrial methods, sitting on civic committees and on the boards of social agencies and a hundred and one other activities, that it was exactly ten years later that his half a degree became a whole one.

In 1941 he was drafted from McGill by the Canadian government as technical adviser on reconstruction problems.

On a visit to England before the war he stayed at Sir William Beveridge's home.

"Maybe I didn't learn much from him, but I did learn the secret of the incredible powers of concentration which enabled him to do a job like the Beveridge report against pressure of time. When he wants to bring on concentration, he plays croquet, and when he needs to think most deeply, he dynamites a stump on Salisbury Plain behind his house.

"Incidentally, Sir William is a very bad croquet player, but so is everyone who plays on his lawn. One has for a hazard, exactly in the centre, a huge pre-historic barrow — the grave of an ancient Briton."

Sir William Beveridge's concentration may have been a great help in drawing up and writing his report in only eighteen months—but it took Dr. Marsh just three weeks to complete his Canadian social security program. "But mind you," he said, "that was just the writing—I have been composing it for 25 years."

# DEAR MR. EDITOR

## A New Use for the Tariff

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MANY international disputes can be traced to national tariff policies devised in self-interest. I would suggest that this use of tariffs might be reversed, and that while each country retains its right to impose what tariffs it needs to protect reasonably its own economy, the proceeds of any necessary tariffs should not be enjoyed by the country imposing them, but should be paid to a world organization, creating a fund to be used for the betterment of the standard of living in backward countries, and for giving such financial assistance as might be required. Under this plan tariffs would be subject to reduction by the world tariff organization to the extent that they were more than necessary fairly to protect home industry. Tariffs imposed, say, by Canada would be collected in Canada by agents of a world tariff organization and, less expenses of collection, would be paid to the central organization.

There are few who will deny that the theory of free trade is ideal. The proposal would be a step towards that ideal by providing a fund to build up the economies of weaker countries.

*Toronto, Ont.* HENRY T. JAMIESON.

### What is Surrealism?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

LIEUT. STEWART dislikes my application of the epithet "surrealist" to Emily Carr's paintings. He gives the term a narrower meaning than I do. "Surrealism" is more than a clever technique. It is an artistic motivation to be found underlying the work, not merely of a clique of modern painters and sculptors, but of many of the greatest old masters. Surrealism occurs when their art crosses the boundaries of naturalism and presents the imagery and symbols of buried desires, unconscious wishes, fantasies and dreams and hidden fears. These are generally grotesque and irrational, yet strangely beautiful and often inspiring. Good examples are to be found in the numerous pictures of the torments of hell, the temptations of St. Anthony, the horrors of witchcraft, etc., which abound in the works of mediaeval and renaissance masters. To pass these off under the generic term "religious" is to ignore the whole body of modern psychological research, of which Freud is the best known, but not the only, pioneer.

Emily Carr's paintings show a preoccupation, on the part of the artist, with certain grotesque symbols and mystic themes. Lieut. Stewart points out that they have a religious basis. But this basis is pagan, not Christian. Miss Carr has spent a lifetime in painting Indian totem-poles. But she has evidently done more than merely "record" them; this could have been accomplished with a camera. No, she has sought to interpret them, and the primitive magic that underlies them, including the fertility rites that lie at their root. Accordingly, the application of the term "surrealist" to her art is not a misnomer, it is a compliment. It measures her success in making real to us the emotions that are 'beyond reality' — the hidden well-springs of the mind of our pagan forerunners on this continent.

R. S. LAMBERT.

### Dr. Coburn's Speech

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of March 13 you administered a mild rebuke to me for telling a group of ministers in London about Prime Minister King's wartime abstinence. I wish to say that Mr. King told me that story without any reservation or injunction to observe secrecy, but as it was a private conversation I felt it should not be given to the public. Hence though I have addressed many temperance meetings during the past few weeks I did not refer to it.

Before I went to London it was reported to me that an individual in Western Ontario had attempted to discredit Mr. King's temperance broadcast by stating that he was a heavy drinker. I knew that statement was false. It never had been true regarding Mr. King. As many people are only too ready to believe such a story I felt that it would be useful to put these ministers in possession of the facts and was quite sure that under the circumstances Mr. King would not object. So, in strict confidence, I gave them the story with its jocular reference to Mr. Churchill, which by the way, emphasized his spirit of good sportsmanship. Before doing so I stated that unless I was assured that there would be no publicity I would not make the statement I had in mind.

I was definitely assured I might safely proceed and that no report would be given out. I knew that at press conferences, statements are often made "off the record" and are not published. Personally I have always found the press willing to respect any such confidence. Imagine my annoyance when I saw a garbled version of the story in print. In nearly half a century of public life, I have been most scrupulous in the use of any information given to me in confidence. In this case I was careful to take what I believed to be adequate precautions and do not feel I am to blame for what followed.

I cordially agree with you that to bring the matter to the floor of Parliament was a bit of cheap, petty politics. The Prime Minister of a nation at war carries an almost intolerable burden. He must face reasonable and constructive criticisms but to subject him to annoyance over such an incident is neither patriotic nor sportsmanlike.

JOHN COBURN.

Dr. Coburn somewhat enlarges the scope of our remark about the raising of this question in the House of Commons. All we did was to wonder what good purpose was supposed to be served by it.—Ed.

RATION NEWS

See page 27 for important information.

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# THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

plant. Hence the tendency on the part of the unions to use the term "collective bargaining" to mean only bargaining carried on by a collectivity which is not favored by the employer. That, and nothing else than that, is meant by the demand of the CCF and of the great associations of organized labor, that "collective bargaining" shall include the prohibition of all bargaining by "unions that are founded, controlled, influenced or subscribed to by the employer."

There is, however, another concealed idea lurking in this proposition. It is the idea that any labor organization which does not extend its membership to the employees of more than one employer is not a valid collectivity for the purposes of collective bargaining. The rights of collective bargaining are to be confined to organizations which extend, or at least aim to extend, over all or as much as possible of the whole body of workers engaged in a particular line of production; and this irrespective of the wishes of the majority of the employees in any one producing unit. The ostensible reason for this demand is that an organization confined to one producing unit is likely to be bamboozled by the cleverness of the employer—that the true interests of the worker can be protected only by officers who are outside of his own unit of industry. But the real reason for the demand is a concept of the organization of industrial society which refuses to regard the workers of a separate unit as being a fit group to enjoy the right of self-determination; which regards that right as belonging only to the whole body of all the workers engaged in the given type of production throughout the entire country or even throughout the entire group of countries covered by an international labor organization.

Now there is nothing essentially immoral about this idea. What is immoral is the attempt to put it into practice without consideration of its enormous social implications,—and also the attempt to put it into practice without accepting, for the vast labor organizations which it invests with vast powers, the slightest responsibility to the nation or the public at large, or the slightest measure of control by the national authority. (All suggestions of such control are repelled with vigorous contempt by the advocates of this new and very limited kind of "collective bargaining.") Even the right of self-determination by the entire body of the workers in a given type of production eventually becomes illusory under this concept, for while there may at the present time be two union organizations (neither of them being the "company union" type) for them to choose between, there would soon cease to be more than one, and adhesion to that one union would become as compulsory for the whole body of workers throughout the industry as it already is for the minority in a plant whose majority has voted for a certain union.

In other words, the claim of self-determination suggested by the demand that every body of workers should have the right to join the union of their majority choice is fundamentally illusory. The proposals now being made in the name of labor in Ontario lead eventually to the establishment of a monopoly labor organization in every trade, from which no worker can abstain, in which no worker is assured of an effective voice, and by which the employers, the public and even the government can be exploited without the slightest protection being available from the law or any other source.

## TOULON

*November 27, 1942.*

The Soul of ancient France arose from the graveyards of the sea;
And she hailed her mighty fleet and said, "What shall your choosing be—
Death or dishonor?" Quoth the Fleet, "It is always death with me."

So the ships all proudly riding at anchor, one by one,
Shook Heaven and Earth with thunder, as they blackened Sea and Sun—
Each captain standing on his bridge, each seaman by his gun.

Then down they plunged, the giant hulls to their rest on rock or sand
Where covering waves will shelter them and guard them from the hand
Of monsters and of tyrants who had befouled the land.

O France, the wild seas rage and foam above the silent dead,
But in thy heart are pride and tears, the tears which are not shed
Where heroes crowned with glory sleep and God's wings overspread.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

*Quebec, November 28, 1942.*

FAT HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

## Concerning Chores

WHEN the house is on fire the washing of breakfast-dishes can be postponed. In the midst of war it is likely that some of the customary national chores, such as the search for political advantage, or the disputes between capital and labor, or the arguments about the proper way of worshipping God, are not of immediate importance.

Naturally it's hard to get the idea. These chores have been our main interest for generation upon generation. We've been trained to do them. To turn away from them doesn't seem reasonable, especially since most of us don't actually see the house afire.

In England the roar of flame is constant and deadly. Here there are no outward signs. But the young men know. They go abroad by thousands. They ride high in the clouds beset by ruthless foes. They sail in dangerous seas, aware that the Big House they know and love is in danger. Do they think kindly of the older men at home dabbling in small affairs?

## Stephen Vincent Benet

UNTIMELY indeed is the death of Stephen Vincent Benét, the most eminent of American poets, and among the most eminent of all poets writing in English. He had a clean spirit, an all-consuming vision, a wild yet curb-reined passion for the greatness and loveliness of human thought and action. His greatest achievement was the long and fierce *John Brown's Body*, when he cast aside all the hampering rules of verse and in broken, tortured rhythms sang of the torture and filth and fury of war and hoped for a gentler time and the beginnings of fellowship.

But in the traditional forms he was not less fervent. Look at his versified story of King David and Uriah the Hittite, with the tremendous line, "Nathan barked as a jackal can, 'Just, O King! And thou art the man.'" Or consider this stanza on the snow:

"Whisperingly it drifts, and whisperingly
Fills earth and sky
With fragrant petals, tranquil as a swan's
Blanch pinions.
And where it falls in silence, subtle and mild.
That silence is not cruel
But calm as a frozen jewel
And clasped to its cold frail breast Earth sucks
in rest like a child."

And here's his blazing comment on the present war:

"We've ridden out storms before and we'll ride out this one,
Ride it out and get through.
It won't be done by the greedy and the go-easies,
The stuffed shirts, the 'Yes, but' men and the handsome phonies,
The men who want to live in their fathers' pockets,
The folks who barely believe and the bitter few.
It'll be done by the river of the people,
The mountain of the people, the great plain
Grown to the wheat of the people,
Plowed by their suffering, harrowed by their hope,
Tall with their endless future.
It'll be done by the proud walker, Democracy,
The walker in proud shoes.
Get on your feet, Americans, and say it."

And this noble poet dies at forty-four.

## Wages and Taxes

IN OUR discussion last week of the case of the married workingman who, having earned up to the $1200 untaxable maximum, is reluctant to add to his earnings because of the sudden impact of the income tax at a fairly substantial rate, we omitted to take into consideration the amendment of last March which slightly—but only slightly—mitigates that impact. It is now provided that on the first $160 above the untaxable maximum, unmarried, and on the first $370 above the untaxable maximum, married, the tax shall not exceed two-thirds of the additional income above the untaxable maximum; in other words if the unmarried man who has made $660 goes on and makes $160 more he cannot be taxed more than $106.66, and if the married man who has made $1200 goes on and makes $370 more he cannot be taxed more than $246.66; and the same proportion holds good of any lesser increment over the untaxable maximum. So the man who adds $100 to his $1200 no longer loses the whole $100 in taxes, he only loses $66.66.

Needless to say, this device "cushions" the tax only for a very small range of incomes, and the general argument, which is that of the effect of income tax in discouraging men from working to expand their incomes (married) from $1200 to $1800 or thereabouts is in no way affected.

The suggestion is made by some social service workers that the whole income should be taxed, down to a much lower exempt figure, say $300 and $500, and the needs of those with the smaller incomes should be looked after by allowances made after examination of their circumstances, behavior, manner of bringing up children and so forth. Society seems to be heading in that somewhat paternalistic direction, but there is at present no organization by which the examination could be made, and the difficulties involved in setting one up are enormous.

# THE PASSING SHOW

"TO PUT it mildly," says *The Fortnightly Law Journal*, "more than half the statutes both Dominion and provincial are uniformly bad and unintelligible." But haven't the lawyers been agitating for uniformity of legislation?

•

A Swedish brain surgeon has been summoned to attend to the brain of "a highly placed Nazi." But nobody seems to know where he is looking for it.

•

A scientist declares that the dinosaurs were strong but not smart. Just like some political parties.

•

**The Canadian Property Owner to His Beloved**

With apologies to Christina Rossetti.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head—
Unless you get them free.
For half of last year's taxes
Will then have to be met;
And you may not remember,
But Ilsley won't forget.

L. V. G.

•

There is no truth in the rumor that the campaign song of the Liberals in the next federal election will be "Water-wagon Wheels."

•

The Four Freedoms flag is four vertical bars of blue or red on a white ground, from which we gather once more that stone walls do not a prison make nor vertical bars a cage.

•

**Self-Warmer**

Of Hitler and Goering and Co.
I could say *such* a lot
If I let myself go.

But all the psychologists know
That our heat grows more hot
If we *don't* let it flow.

I dam it up carefully so,
Whether waking or not,
I can feel its fierce glow.

J. E. M.

•

Mr. Chaloult says the war effort is ruining Canada. There appear, however, to be some countries which have been ruined by lack of a war effort.

•

In this power contract business it surprises us that nobody in the Quebec Legislature has complained that Quebec is being sold up the river.

•

The British Department of Labor has found that poor housing is a cause of absenteeism in industry, which is a cause of lower earnings, which are a cause of inability to pay for better housing, which is—but you can go on from there.

•

**Unanimous**

It's said that Hitler now is mad,
But that's O.K. with me,
For I've been goldurned mad at him
Since nineteen thirty-three.

NICK.

•

Reminders that Mr. Hepburn is the leader of the Liberal party in the province of Ontario should be accompanied by a footnote to the effect that it isn't following him.

•

We have always wondered what would happen if a war went on so long that there were more prisoners on each side than there were people to guard them and do the fighting.

•

**Acknowledgment**

A perfect pipe mixture, Virginia and Burley
The former cut straight and the latter cut curly,
A present from Alfred and 'Gusta his girly
Has come to the Bard by express.
An embarrassment, I must confess,
For I only looked after his place for two days
When the blizzard had bogged him in snow-buried ways
And his schedule was all in a mess.

I merely say Thanks! But the Angel-recorder
Inscribes on fair parchment with red and gold border
The names of my friends, featly penned and in order
As required in that Heavenly town
Where all the good deeds are set down.
And meanwhile a pleasant blue incense arises
Because of this latest and best of surprises
From Alfred and Gus.—out of town.

J. E. M.

# Foreign Markets Look with Favor on Our Wines

Potential source of wine: these young vines are now ready to be tied to trellises.

One of the many well cultivated and productive vineyards of the Niagara Peninsula.

*By Harry Gordon*

IMPROVEMENT in quality which has taken place over the past decade is gradually gaining recognition for Canadian wines in certain foreign markets.

In the West Indies, Belgian Congo, India, Central and South America an appreciation of the quality of Canadian red and white still table wines, champagnes and sparkling burgundies, sherries and ports, has expressed itself in a growing volume of orders. In this development, Canadian Trade Commissioners have been a most helpful contributing factor.

This export business which was commencing to develop just prior to the war has continued, but of course has been greatly restricted due to war-time regulations and the lack of shipping space.

However, the possibilities for the development of an important volume of export business have been clearly indicated and the wineries of Ontario and the West Coast are preparing to take full advantage of this opportunity in the post-war period.

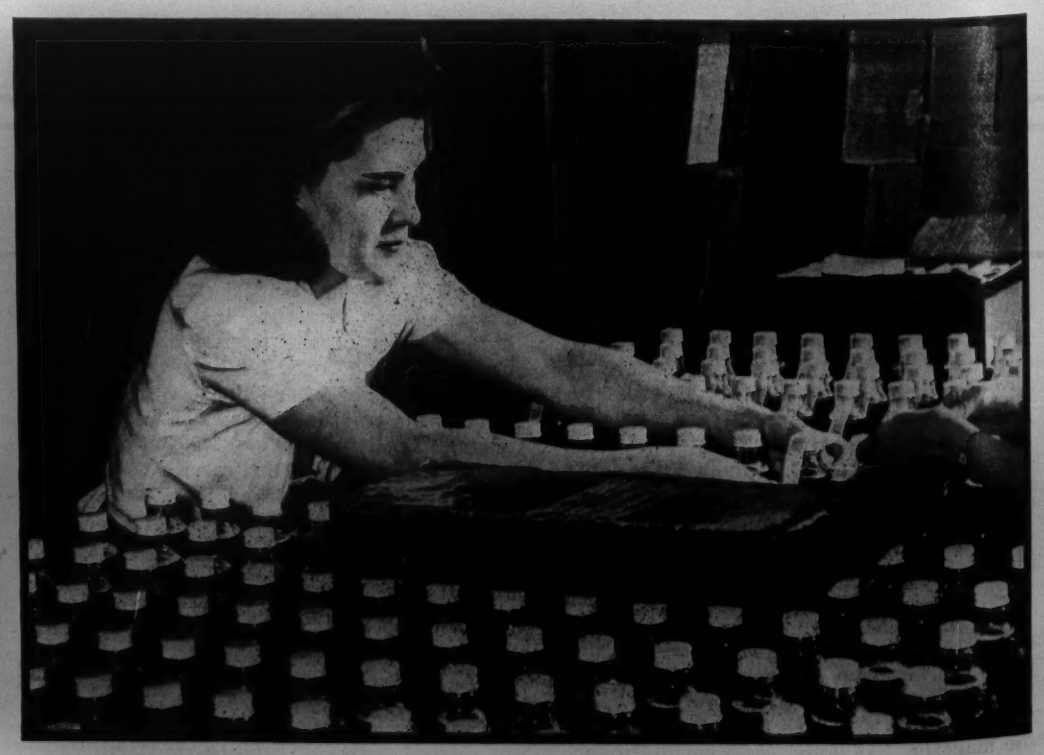
Improvement and modernization of plant facilities, processing equipment and laboratory controls have been consistent. With the assistance of the Vineland Horticultural Station of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, new and better types of grapes have been developed. Today our domestic wines are worthy and palatable products. Many people in Canada are inclined to discount the quality of such wines because of their low price. This, however, is a fallacy as Canadian wines are pure, being made under strict governmental supervision and inspection. In all cases wines must comply, when sold, with the Food and Drugs Act of the Dominion Government. They are low in price only because they are a domestic product.

In 1942, grapes were the most valuable fruit crop of Ontario. Seventy per cent of this crop was purchased by the wineries at an equitable price which is each year agreed upon between the grape growers and the wineries and approved by the Liquor Control Board of Ontario. Therefore, the development of an export market for domestic wines is of economic importance not only from the viewpoint of international trade balances but also to assist the wineries in maintaining the present dependable and profitable market for the increasing quantities of grapes grown in British Columbia and the Niagara Peninsula.

Picking Ontario's grape crop provides seasonal employment for the deft fingers of the fair sex.

In Europe, peasants do this with their feet; in Canada modern grape crushing methods are used.

After purifying, pasteurizing, chilling and filtering, wine is aged in huge casks.



Final step before the consumer gets it: fixing the government's stamp of approval.

An insignificant entrance into the mountain-side is all that marks where world-famous British art treasures are hidden. Armed guards keep the curious at a safe distance.

Only "picked" men may work in the treasure caves, location of which is a state secret. Above: in a subterranean workshop, repairs are being made to some valuable old frames.

# Mountain Caves Guard British Art Treasure

DEEP in the heart of mountains somewhere in England, Scotland or Ireland there lies buried in caves much of the British Nation's priceless treasure—the works of the world's most famous painters which, if destroyed, could never be replaced.

In the art galleries, museums and cathedrals all over Britain today there are blank spaces. Once the national art treasures were displayed here for all to see, but when threatened by the Blitz they were "evacuated." Most of them are now safely tucked away in specially prepared subterranean chambers hewn out of rock in the mountains. If they hadn't been removed to safety in time, there is no doubt many of them would have been destroyed in the raids on London.

Plans for their removal were well laid before the war. These plans covered sections of the staffs of noted national institutions so that they could continue their work, and also be on the spot to guard this "treasure" placed, not by nature, but by the hand of man, in the hills.

One of the "treasure caves" is pictured here. Its entrance is insignificant. But at the end of the long entrance tunnel—which leads right into the heart of the mountain—the head-room becomes much higher. A number of chambers lead off from this huge hall and in these the works of art are stored and guarded.

Electricity and special air-conditioning apparatus have been installed. Specially chosen armed guards are on duty night and day, and those who work in this secret art gallery are all "picked" men.

Only a very few people know where the treasures are stored —not even those living in surrounding villages and on nearby farms realize their proximity to these national art caches.

Sir Kenneth Clarke, director of Britain's National Gallery, examines the famous oil, "Adam and Eve".

Making the rounds: patrolman reports to the guard room. Telephones connect all parts of the caves.

The engineer-in-charge of the subterranean art gallery takes a reading of the relative humidity, makes sure atmospheric conditions are just right for the art masterpieces.

When the priceless treasures are taken from storage chambers to the studio for cleaning they are moved in sealed carriers so that an even temperature may be maintained.

# The Theory Behind the Marsh Report

BY B. K. SANDWELL

**The theory underlying the Marsh Report is a flat contradiction of the theory which prevailed in Canada up to the time of the depression, that the citizen without resources is entitled to no more, except by way of charity, than he can get by the sale of his labor in the open market.**

**It assumes that all citizens must, in the interests of society, be provided with certain goods and services or purchasing power when their need of them is due to certain conditions.**

**These conditions are ill health, inability to secure employment, incapacity for employment. But the reason for providing these things is not humanitarianism; it is the general interests of the nation.**

**If the reader wants to see how these things are provided for in Russia he may turn to Jill Massingham's article on page 14 of this issue.**

ALL the projects contained in the Marsh Report can be summed up in a single category. They are projects designed to provide the citizen with goods and services or purchasing power at a time when it is desirable in the public interest that he should have them, but when he either (1) is unable or unwilling to sacrifice other things to procure the goods and services, or (2) has been unable or unwilling to save the purchasing power by the sacrifice of other things in the past.

The underlying theory—which is a complete change from the underlying theory of the pre-depression period—is that it is not in the interests of society that the citizen should go without certain goods and services or a certain income, in certain circumstances, whether he is earning, or has earned and saved, the wherewithal to provide these things or not.

The underlying theory of the pre-depression period was that the citizen needs the prospect of having to go without these things, as an inducement to him to *work* and *save*, because working and saving are two of the most important habits from the social point of view. This theory was mitigated to a slight extent by the practice of private charity, but its operation was not allowed to be interfered with by any state action unless accompanied by definite intimations that the interference — whether by the dole or by any other means, such as the British workhouse,—involved a large measure of disgrace to the person in whose behalf it was effected. So successful were these intimations until very recent years, indeed up to the present time, that innumerable persons have died of curable diseases or malnutrition or have committed suicide rather than go through the procedures necessary to qualify them for public relief.

The depression, however, made it abundantly clear that within the private enterprise system as now functioning it is entirely possible for an honest and industrious person to be totally unable, over long periods of time, to sell his labor for enough even to keep himself alive, to say nothing of maintaining dependants and making provision for future needs. It also made it abundantly clear that such periods of inability to sell labor were capable of consuming the savings of even very thrifty and industrious persons, and that after they were consumed such persons were no better off than those who had made no savings whatever; so that savings on the scale possible to the wage-earning class could no longer be regarded as a reliable provision for an uncertain future. These discoveries have profoundly undermined both the sense of disgrace about the acceptance of public assistance, and the reliance upon savings as a means of avoiding it. It is possible to deplore the disappearance (not complete but very extensive) of these two attitudes of the collective mind, but it is not possible to deny it.

## The New Theory

The new theory is that it is socially undesirable that any citizen should have to go without certain goods or services or a certain income, *in certain circumstances*. The circumstances are three: ill health, inability to secure employment, incapacity for employment. Both the old age provisions and the children's allowance can be roughly classified under the last of these headings; they are payments due to the fact that the individual on whose account they are paid is assumed to be incapable of employment. The new theory abolishes that part of the old theory which laid down that it is the duty of the individual to work and save in order to guard himself against the risks of ill health, lack of employment, and the advent of children, by working and saving.

It is, I think, rather important that all these projects should not be looked on as being mainly based on humanitarian considerations. It is very easy for humanitarianism towards the individual to go to the length of betraying the general interests of the community. If these projects will not bring about a better community it would probably be more humane in the broadest sense not to adopt them. If they will bring about a better community they should be adopted quite regardless of the fact that they will make life easier for large numbers of individuals.

## Inadequate Saving

The fundamental consideration in the whole business is the fact that a very large proportion of the population do not, and a considerable proportion of the population cannot, spend money on things which it is profoundly desirable, in the interests of the community, that they should spend money on, and do not save money to provide against conditions which it is desirable and even necessary, in the interests of the community, to provide against. The Marsh projects provide for the spending of money, by public authority, on these desirable things, and the provision of money, by public authority, against these conditions.

The cure, and the early prevention, of illness are things upon which a great proportion of the population spends far too little of its own money, to some extent because it simply cannot afford it, and to some extent because it has not the self-control to refrain from spending what it has on other, and socially less desirable, things. A middle-class family can spend three hundred dollars a year on alcoholic beverages, frivolous entertainment and other "luxuries" and still have enough left to pay all that it needs to pay for medical and hospital attendance. A working-class family cannot do anything of the kind, but it is quite useless to expect it to cut down on its beverages and amusements, at a time when it has no ill-

**MOSQUITO BOMBER** *in the making!*

HE'S NOT drilling a hole—he's removing air from an air-tight "Cellophane" envelope enclosing a plywood assembly. He'll then push the whole unit into a big oven to fuse the layers of wood and plastic into a light, strong, efficient wing-tip. Moulded plywood is now used extensively in aircraft manufacture—the Mosquito, world's fastest bomber and scourge of the Axis, is essentially of all-plywood construction.

In the moulding process, the plywood shell is fitted against the moulding form and a bag is pulled over the unit and sealed air-tight. The bag is deflated under pressure and the resulting vacuum pulls the veneer strips tightly against the master mold. The assembly is then cooked in an oven at high temperature.

Formerly the bag used to cover the assembly, as depicted above, was made of rubber. When the supply of rubber became critical, the manufacturers of plywood in Canada were faced with a serious problem, if production was not to be hindered. Great credit goes to them for their ingenuity and patience in finally locating a satisfactory substitute which has been proven more efficient than the original rubber. The bag made of "Cellophane" not only permits visual inspection at all times but it also makes more efficient use of the heat involved.

The Canadians engaged in making the "Cellophane" for this and other purposes, are using their experience and technical knowledge gained with this well-known peacetime product to further the Government program of developing substitutes for critical material and conserving much needed man-power.

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ness, in order to have money to spare when it has illness.

But it is socially desirable that the working-class family should be just as well ministered to as the middle-class family; and its medical needs are often greater because of the inferior conditions in which it has to live. This fact is already recognized in regard to hospitalization by the provision of "free wards;" the modern hospital is a twentieth-century product, and was never subject to the nineteenth-century idea that the citizen is entitled only to what he can pay for. (The widespread distrust of hospitals among the working-class, especially those of foreign origin, is a survival of the nineteenth-century idea in what is really the most conservatively-minded group in the citizenry.) Exactly the same considerations apply to the proper dieting and housing of children, because this affects the whole health and stamina of the future generation. They apply also to the maintenance of a satisfactory minimum living standard for the workingman and his family when out of work.

The most difficult of the Marsh projects to defend on grounds of general utility as distinguished from humanitarianism is the provision for old age. The aged who have got beyond their period of economic productivity are not much use to society, and will not become more so as a result of anything that we do for them. The burden of maintaining them, however, is already accepted as a public obligation to a large extent by the old age pension system, and where that is inadequate it falls upon the relatives and upon private charity. The social gain from providing old age pensions, and maintenance allowances for the incapable, is mainly in the confidence which it induces in the individual,—the removal of the fear of an unsecured old age. It is to be noted that the provision for this pension is largely at the expense of the individual himself, by way of contributions made during the working period. It is a compulsory insurance fund by which the individual insures himself against the "risk" of helpless old age.

## The Economic Revolution

The need for all these projects is largely the result of the economic revolution which has been taking place during the last hundred years, plus the revolution in scientific knowledge, especially in medicine. It is no use arguing that society got along all right without such projects in the time of Pitt and Wellington. The economic basis of society was then still agricultural; it is now industrial. Medicine in those days did comparatively little even for the wealthy, and it would have been utterly impossible to train enough doctors to look after the whole population. If you became seriously ill you died, and that was that.

The aged, unless bedridden, were far less useless than today. In a society where almost everything is made in a factory if it is not grown on a specialized and mechanized farm, there is practically nothing that an old man or woman can do, except look after children, and there are far fewer children per aged person and they are largely looked after by the schools. In a peasant society there are plenty of easy jobs around the farmhouse.

As for unemployment, it was practically unknown in the agricultural society. So long as agriculture is the basis of the economic life, an increase in the population means merely that more labor will be required to produce, from the same land, the increased amount of foodstuffs needed to sustain the community; the worker's reward may be reduced, but the need for his labor is increased.

All these new risks and burdens incident to the industrialization of society fall most heavily, indeed almost exclusively, on the economically weakest classes, the classes least able to make provision against them, or perhaps it is better to say, the classes which must find the most difficulty in making such provision, and which are therefore least likely to make it. My own conviction is that the new compulsory provision against them will be made mainly at the expense of these classes; that is to say it is their own income which will be redistributed to them in a different way, more according to their needs. I say this, because I do not see how the cost of making the provision can be added to the costs of production of goods and services, as it will be if it does not come out of wages, without increasing the cost and consequently the price of the goods and services, of which the wage-earners themselves are far the largest consumers. The part which comes out of income taxes and profits taxes looks to me like the only part that can be charged up inescapably to the richer classes. This is estimated at half of the total, but a large part of that half is already being provided by charity and local taxes, and will merely be shifted.

But I believe also that the productivity of the wage-earners will be so greatly increased, as an indirect result of these schemes, that the redistributed burden, the compulsory insurance premiums against these risks which they have largely borne hitherto without insurance and consequently with great individual suffering when the chances went against them, will not perceptibly inconvenience them. They will have far less illness, because what they have will be attended to earlier and better. They will have far less unemployment, for a community which pays its unemployed members for being unemployed is going to be much more careful about keeping them employed. I will not say they will have far less old age, for the opposite is the case, but they will not have to worry about it so much, and everybody will be contributing toward the burden of it instead of merely those who have aged relatives.

And even about old age there is a hope. As our population becomes more skilled and better educated—and the Marsh Report will help in that direction along with a lot of other factors—the proportion which has nothing to contribute to the tasks of production except purely muscular effort will become smaller and smaller. That means that the proportion which contributes in the form of skill and intelligence becomes larger and larger; and skill and intelligence do not become useless at sixty.

Modern general with a modern army, Montgomery of Britain's famous 8th knows the value of having his men keep abreast of the news from other fronts as well as their own. He has newspapers regularly flown up from Cairo. Above: the regimental news vendor with one of his customers.


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Maybe, of all the utterances of human tongue, kiddies' prayers are the most sublime.

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# CANADA OVERSEAS

## Canada's Fourth Soldier

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

ON the Somme in 1916 the Canadians were not having a happy time. Neither were the Germans. The place was a mixture of mud, blood and screaming fury. No one who fought on the Somme and lives to remember it ever forgets it.

A young major, coming up to the line for the first time with the Fourth Canadian Division, didn't like the Somme. Today, 26 years later, he still recalls the action. He was advancing over no-man's-land when he came across the strange looking contraption bogged in the mud and well shot up. It was a tank—the first one he had ever seen. The new British invention didn't impress him. It was a helpless monster of steel. He came across a second tank. And a third. They too were bogged in mud and shredded by gunfire. "Those machines aren't much good," he shouted to one of his men, his voice scarce heard above the din of artillery fire.

It was just as well that the din of artillery fire drowned out his further remarks about the tank. Because the young major's name was Ernest William Sansom—now Lt. Gen. Sansom, G.O.C. Second Canadian Corps. He has attained the highest rank in the Canadian Army. He is one of four lieut.-generals—the other three being McNaughton, Crerar and Stuart—and he has gained his position in the military world through his genius for organizing and training armored units, particularly tank units.

HERE, on the outskirts of a small town which clusters on the side of a valley, General Sansom has set up the headquarters of his command—a Corps of the First Canadian Army.

The Corps came into being on January 15, 1943—and with its formation the First Canadian Army was established. It was the First Canadian Army in fact as well as in title because for the first time in her military history Canada had a full army by ordinary military standards. Until then our army consisted of a single corps under Lt.-Gen. Crerar, bolstered by headquarters and reinforcement troops—all under the supreme direction of Lt.-Gen. McNaughton.

As grey troop convoys carrying Canadian soldiers poured into British ports, it was found possible to form another corps. The problem facing our general staff was to select the man to command the corps. We have a number of capable soldiers among our senior officers, but there was never any doubt here as to the choice. Of all the Canadian divisions, trained and completed, the one that had become most famous was the fifth (armored) division—"Sansom's Rough Riders." It had been built up by Maj.-Gen. Sansom and was a model of efficiency and hitting power.

On January 15, the appointment was confirmed. Sansom had become Canada's fourth soldier.

SANSOM has the reputation for being a tough soldier in the field. Yet he is as amiable as your favorite Aunt Minnie, and almost as shy among outside company. He is just tall enough to carry a well-developed middle section; his hair is growing sparse on top, and his voice is hardly as gruff as newly-appointed sergeant's. He smiles easily, smokes cigarettes incessantly. In no way does he look or behave like the man you would associate with the leadership of Sansom's "rough riders," But he thinks with incisive speed, makes decisions with immense authority.

It is the combination of his toughness as a military organizer and his amiability in human relationships which makes him a fine leader of a democratic army. He is no blind believer in machines. He is an armored expert but he knows that the efficiency of his units depends on the morale of his men.

"I make a particular point of the welfare of the men," he told me as we sat in his headquarters office. "I keep them interested and fully occupied. After all, it's the men that count."

One of his staff officers told me how much the men count with him—and how much he counts with them. The staff officer recalled a scene at Camp Debert, Nova Scotia, on the day Gen. Sansom relinquished command of the third division to proceed overseas for a new appointment. He left his Debert headquarters quietly one morning to drive to the railway station. The route of his car took him through five miles of camp roads. It was a damp, cold morning—but the road for five miles was lined with men who cheered him as he drove past. The demonstration was spontaneous. The men knew he was leaving them; they insisted on cheering him as he went.

On the wall of the mess at Corps headquarters is a handsomely designed crest. On it is written: "Presented to Major-General E. W. Sansom by the officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons on leaving his command, January, 1943."

THERE was never any question in Sansom's mind about his career. He always wanted to be a soldier, from the time he went to public school in his native city of Stanley, New Brunswick. He was born there in 1890. His great-grandfather came to Canada as a member of a British garrison. His father was a major in the militia.

Young Sansom wanted to attend Royal Military College, but this was far above his family's limited means. Canada then, as now, didn't give much encouragement to lads who wanted to be soldiers. So young Sansom left school at an early age, earned his own living, and worked for a commission in the Carleton and York Regiment. In 1907, when he was 16 years old, he was commissioned. The Great War gave him his chance. He proceeded to England, found himself placed as an instructor in the Canadian machine gun school. He was finally sent to France in 1916—time enough to fight on the Somme and at Vimy, Arras, Passchendaele, Amiens and Mons.

He remained with the army after the war, serving with the permanent force all over Canada except during the two years he attended Staff College at Camberley, England.

He recalls 11 a.m. on November 11, 1918. His unit had moved up to Mons. He and a few brother officers heard the last shot fired from a farmhouse on the outskirts. The French farmer led them down into his cellar, broke down a brick wall and revealed there the stock of wine he had hidden from the Germans throughout the occupation. Sansom toasted the peace.

"So," he said to me as I left his headquarters, "don't worry about there being no wine left in France when we get over. The Frenchmen are too smart. They must have hidden away plenty."

That's Sansom. He strives to keep everybody happy, even the war correspondents.


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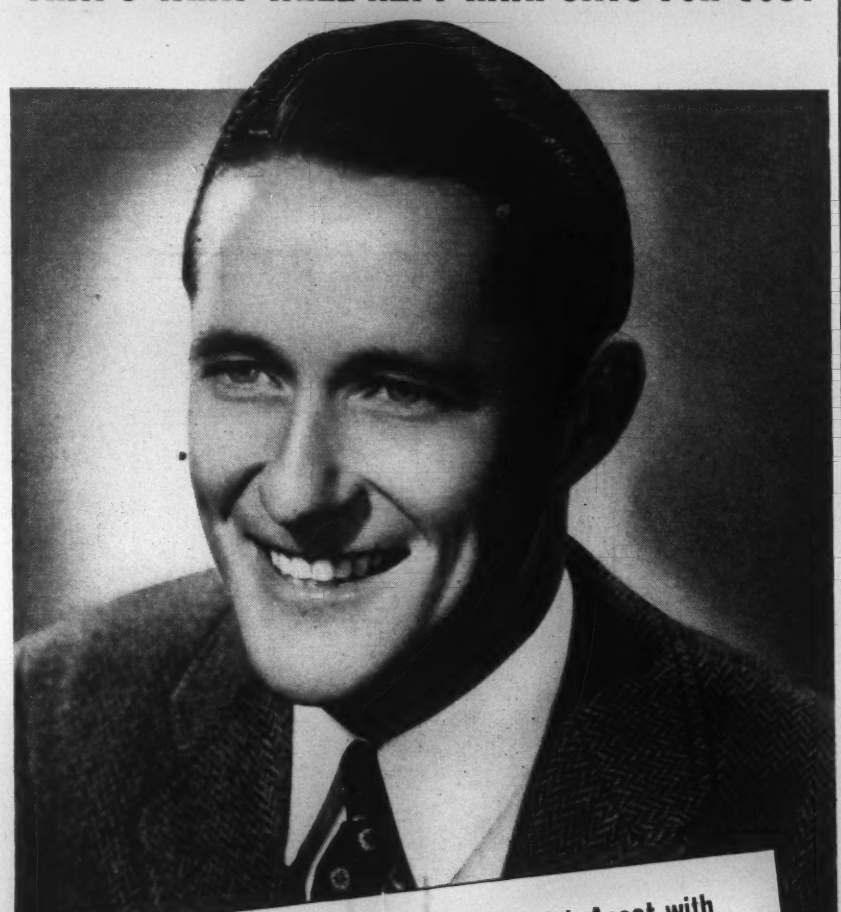

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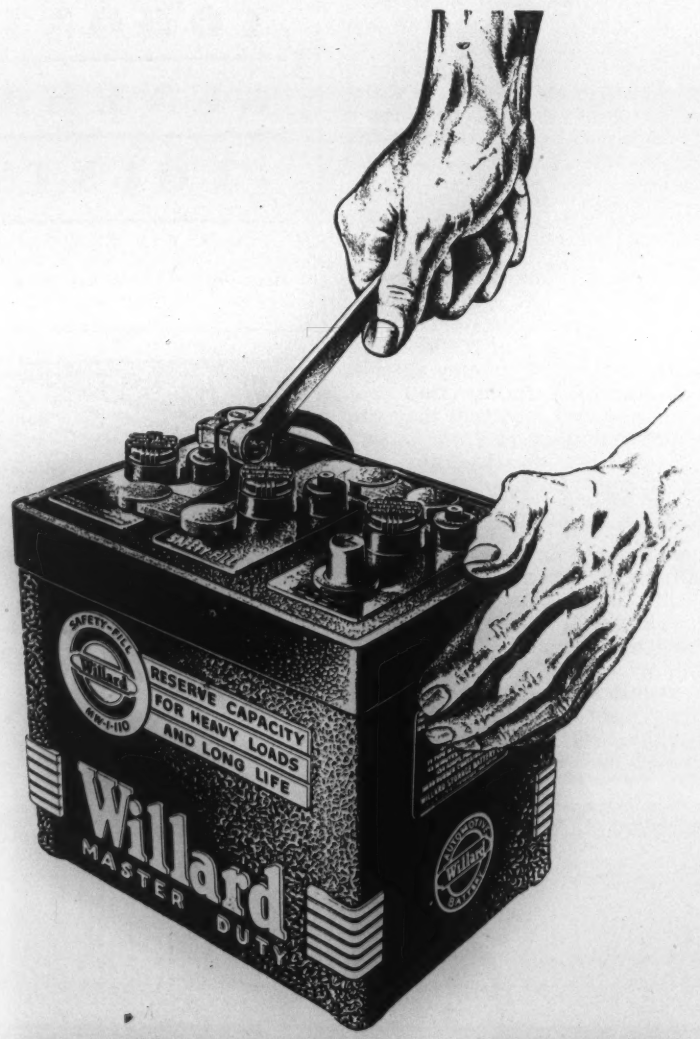
806 THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BLDG MONTREAL

Where mechanical transport gives way to the four-footed variety. The mule still plays its part in war, especially on the North Africa front where, until early this week when the British Eighth Army started to move against Rommel, wet weather and mud have been factors in curtailing large scale operations. This picture shows mule transport, loaded with supplies slung in panniers, moving up to the forward areas along roads on which trucks would bog down. Arabs are employed as muleteers.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# THE OTTAWA LETTER

## No Security Legislation This Session

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

THERE will not be any over-all social security legislation at this session of Parliament. The special House of Commons committee on the subject is likely to be authorized to continue its studies beyond prorogation. After dissolution of the present Parliament the Mackenzie King Government probably will submit a blueprint of legislation for the next federal assembly.

No plans involving the prospect of social security legislation can be considered without regard to the political situation. Both major political parties are concerned with fighting off social revolution. The present and prospective strength of Mr. Coldwell's C.C.F. will influence the attitude of the King Government and Mr. Bracken's Opposition. Both the old-line parties will seek to establish resistance to socialistic encroachment but will do so from opposite angles. As in 1921 Mackenzie King will look to consumer support. The reconstructed Progressive Conservative Party will make a play for sentiment favoring private enterprise.

All parties will be influenced by economic and social studies being carried on by scientific experts at the instance of the ruling Government. Parliament, whether headed by Mackenzie King or John Bracken, will not be able to ignore the final report of the James Committee in Canada or international bodies probing into questions of social security. The struggle for party supremacy undoubtedly will delay but cannot seriously retard the approach of the era of the common man.

WITH the country acclimated to a budgetary expenditure of around four billions for war purposes, little popular objection is anticipated for an expenditure of a quarter of that amount for the peacetime protection of the people from economic insecurity as proposed by Dr. Marsh in his rough outline of a social security program. With Parliament appropriating around fifty per cent of the national income to defence from external enemies, resistance to the outlay of a quarter of the sum for provision against internal want is not likely to be very strong. With the approach of a general election it will diminish.

The Government appears to be preparing to accede to a demand from independent Quebec labor unions for special representation on the new National War Labor Board set up six weeks ago following the Nova Scotia steel strike. Described by the Prime Minister as an industrial court and consisting of three members, one representing management, one organized labor, and with a neutral chairman, the tribunal probably will be enlarged to a membership of five to include representatives of French Canadian industrial management and Catholic Unions of Quebec. The Board may be expected to make an early ruling on the main demands of the Cape Breton steel workers. This may involve some revisions in the Government's wage-bonus order.

THE latest development in Ottawa's acute housing situation is the objection of landladies to providing meals for government workers on the late shift which starts for home at 6:15 p.m. and arrives at 7 p.m. or later. Rooming-house keepers are threatening to eject paying-guests who are unable to accommodate themselves to regular meal hours. Staggered hours stretching from 8:30 a.m. to 6:15 p.m. were introduced in the Civil Service late last year as a partial remedy for Ottawa's housing shortage. The idea was that if the existing force of Civil Servants worked eight hours a day instead of seven fewer recruits would have to be brought in from the provinces.

While expending large sums for temporary office accommodation for workers the Government has resisted proposals for the erection of housing for the thousands of newcomers to government departments. Local criticism now centres on an appropriation of close to half a million dollars for a new temporary building for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, recently curtailed in its authority and functions. The only official concession to the housing shortage has been a new residence for girl workers which was to have been ready by the first of the year but will not be ready until late spring.

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# THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

## This Is Not Collective Bargaining

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THAT the nature of the relationship between capital and labor is about to be considerably changed is probably doubted by very few observant Canadians. That the change will be along the line of more and better collective bargaining is however far from being equally evident; yet the proceedings of the Ontario Legislature's special committee, and the discussions of almost every interested group, seem to be entirely directed to this one aspect of the relationship. As a matter of fact, what the unions are asking for at the present moment is something which would ultimately be the very negation of collective bargaining, as the more intelligent among their leaders are very well aware.

The essential elements of the demands of the two great labor organizations of this province, and of the CCF party, are that all employers be compelled to bargain collectively with whatever union the workers by majority select, and that no union shall be permitted to function which is founded, controlled, influenced or subscribed to by the employer. This latter test is intended to eliminate those unions which are not locals of some organization extending beyond the single plant or property, and which are regarded as the most dangerous rivals of the great international and national organizations. Once a union is installed which is a local of a general union, and pays dues to a central fund, it would be found, I have no doubt, that there is not the slightest objection to the employer "subscribing to" that union either in cash or in kind, in goods or in services or in accommodation. The objective is to get rid of the union which is not at least nation-wide in its extent, and the demand comes from the nation-wide unions.

### The Question of Choice

The phrase employed in describing the union with which the employer is to be compelled to "bargain" is "the union of the workers' choice." It is sometimes even used as if it were a matter of the choice of the individual worker, but that of course is impossible; the minority of the workers voting in the contest between two or more unions will have to accept the choice of the majority; nobody probably objects very much to that, but it is not correct to talk about the worker being able to have the union of "his" choice. The difficulty is that in a great number of cases there will be no choice at all.

At present there is an appearance of choice arising out of the fact that there are two kinds of unions—of both the large scale—competing for the support of the workers in a good many industries. But it is absurd to suppose that this situation will last for any length of time. It may indeed be being kept in existence merely, or largely, in order to provide this appearance of "choice." If and when the purely local union, the so-called company union to which the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. are equally hostile, is outlawed, it is entirely safe to predict that there will eventually be only one union in the field which the workers in many industries can possibly choose; and their right to have any choice will always depend on the maintenance of a real rivalry between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. An agreement between these two great organizations to divide up the labor field between them would compel all the workers in one half of the field to join the C.I.O. and all those in the other half to join the A.F. of L., with their only other alternative that of being entirely unorganized.

### Vote for Non-Unionism?

What would happen, under the proposed legislation, if a majority of the workers in a given industry preferred to remain unorganized I have not been unable to figure out. It appears to be assumed that they would never do so; but if they had no other option than that of joining a union whose president was a notorious criminal with a jail record it is conceivable that they might. The least that can be said is that they would have great difficulty; for unless they could manage to maintain a majority in the voting whenever a few supporters of unionization decided to ask for a ballot, which they would obviously do whenever they thought they could catch the non-unionists off guard, they would find themselves committed to the union as their "bargaining agent" as soon as they failed to turn out one more voter than the union at any election; whereas the failure of the union to record a majority would never commit the plant to non-unionism. All this is on the assumption that a vote for non-unionism is to be permissible at all, as to which I am extremely doubtful, since it seems to be outside of the purview of the whole scheme as propounded by the unions.

### Selection is Permanent

As soon, therefore, as it is established by law that the employer must bargain with whatever union is selected by a majority of his workers, and with no other bargaining agency, we shall pretty certainly find that there is only one union that they can select. They may or may not be permitted to refuse to select any bargaining agency at all, but once selected the bargaining agency will be selected for keeps; there is not the slightest suggestion in any proposed legislation of any means by which a selected union can be unselected again. The result will be a condition in which the payment of a fee to a bargaining agency becomes an absolute requirement for the obtaining of employment in industry; for obviously the first thing that will be "bargained for" by a union once in-



**One of Malta's cave dwellers, this young Valetta housewife manages to smile as she boils her kettle over an improvised fire in her air raid shelter of rock. With uninterrupted arrival of food convoys since Tripoli's fall, Malta's people of late have been finding life a bit closer to normal, despite the fact that the Island is still one of the hottest spots in the Mediterranean.**


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stalled and protected by law in its rights as a bargaining agency will be the right to require all the workers in whose name it speaks to pay their share of its expenses. That is the "closed shop."

Now this may be perfectly legitimate and proper, and I am not arguing that it is not. But if this is what the legislators of Ontario and other Canadian provinces are being asked to bring into being by their legislation, they ought to understand, and their electors ought to understand, what it all means. If they understood anything of the kind, I think they would never dream of setting up these bargaining agencies without a vestige of legal control, without a vestige of responsibility to their members, without a vestige of rules and regulations for compelling honest and democratic elections, without a vestige of any of the safeguards of procedure which are imposed in the management of political affairs and of corporate property. But they are not permitted to understand anything of the kind. They are told that all they are asked to do is to provide the workers with bargaining facilities equivalent to those which the employers already have—to "hold the ring" fairly between the contestants.

### The "Closed Shop"

It is true that the unions are not asking in set terms for the "closed shop." They are asking only that a union which manages to get a majority in a vote of the workers (no matter how small and unrepresentative) shall have the right to bargain in the name of the whole body of workers. That means that it will have the right to bargain for the closed shop, if it so desires. It can demand the closed shop, and refuse to recede from that demand. If the employer refuses to grant it, that means a strike. It is proposed by the unions and by the CCF that the employer shall be prohibited from asking his workers not to strike, which in plain English means that he must not ask them to continue to work. He will certainly not be allowed to support or encourage any rival union among them which would oppose their striking, for that would automatically make it a "company" union, even if it is not prohibited *ab initio* by the fact that the other union has secured a majority vote of the workers and thereby become an accredited bargaining agency. The situation leads therefore to a strike for the closed shop, with the cards heavily stacked against the opponents of that institution, or to a conciliation board which, unless provided by the Legislature with some principle to go on, could do little but either toss a coin or else accede to the noisier and more numerous of the two contestants, which would unquestionably be the closed shop party. The closed shop is not a question about which conciliation or arbitration is possible. It is a question of fundamental principle.

### Brief for Consumer

Mr. E. J. Young in his very able brief "for the consumer" presented to the Legislature Committee makes the statement that: "It is possible for the worker to have freedom of association. It is possible for him to have a closed shop. It is not possible for him to have both, for the one destroys the other." That is precisely the point which all the rest of the argumentation before the Committee has tended to obscure. The official recognition of a bargaining agency as clothed with power to demand the closed shop in the name of all the workers in the industrial unit, and the official prohibition of all other bargaining agencies, is totally incompatible with the idea of freedom of association. It may be the proper way of dealing with the problem; but if so we must realize that we are handing over to that agency an enormous power over the livelihoods of every person engaged in that industrial unit, not to mention an enormous power over the general interests of the community. Such power cannot possibly be entrusted to executive officers who cannot be held responsible either to their members or to the state or to the community, because they insist that their whole organizations are outside of the law and must remain so.

This is a simple and eternal principle which, in the sacred name of freedom, has brought together the banners of peoples far apart in locale and tradition, yet having but one single objective — that of overthrowing an infamous enemy who would enslave the world. The collective force and determination of thirty United Nations is an unbeatable alliance which will become a permanent guardian of that higher civilization all men of good will seek for themselves and their children's children.

It is this same principle of collective co-operation which more than 70 years ago drew together those who founded the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, for they knew that men, like nations, can best protect each other by pooling risks and uniting resources to meet them.

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# THE HITLER WAR

## Mr. Eden's Visit, and a New League of Nations

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

IN THIS last hour or two before the fury of the war's final phase breaks upon us there is much talk of post-war problems, or "winning the peace." It is well that a beginning is being made now, and inter-Allied discussions begun, for the problems are many and knotty, and some, like the Russian border claims and American relations with Russia, have already been allowed to drift too long. Like loose, drifting mines at sea, they threaten Allied unity, not perhaps in conquering Germany, as all seek and desire that equally, but in shaping a secure post-war world.

Almost certainly Mr. Eden's chief purpose in coming to America was to explore the field of Anglo-American-Russian relations in the post-war world. The establishment of a working arrangement between these powers, the only three great powers there will be left in the world after the war, will condition everything else. Can it be established? The speeches of Admiral Standley and Vice-President Wallace have shown that everything is far from well between the United States and Russia.

Nor would it be any use pretending that Britain's 20-Year treaty of alliance with the Soviet Union had entirely overcome the long legacy of suspicion on both sides. But it is a more specific obligation than any which binds the United States and Russia. Between these there is only a Lease-Lend Agreement and an undertaking not to negotiate a separate peace with Germany. (Japan does not come into question at all here.)

Vice-President Wallace's suggestion that there were forces in America which might try to "double-cross" Russia after the war was rather unfortunate, but it did bring out into the open, in rather drastic terms, the uncertainty in which American policy is enveloped. This uncertainty, this "American enigma," is no less responsible than the enigma of Soviet policy for the present crisis in Allied post-war planning.

It is not enough that President Roosevelt is known as a great internationalist; there is a presidential election coming up next year, and the vivid memory of what happened to internationalist President Wilson's undertakings when they reached the Senate in 1919. Who will be the next president, if Roosevelt is not re-elected? Will he be an isolationist, or perhaps ill-informed on world affairs? What attitude will the Senate take this time?

### With or Without U.S.

Harry Hopkins put the matter to a group of four senators in the clearest possible language last week when he said that every country in the world was preparing two sets of plans for after the war, one set which presupposed American collaboration and one which did not. These senators, at least, showed that they realized the necessity for the United States to put herself on record now as a collaborator by bringing forward a resolution to this end. And the possibilities of this resolution passing were enhanced when one of the most famous of isolationists, Senator Bennett Champ Clark, came out publicly for an American commitment to a system of international security.

If such a system of international security could be set up convincingly, with water-tight commitments by Britain and the United States, there would be a better chance of persuading Stalin to compromise in his border demands on Poland and Finland, and less likelihood of his pursuing a vigorous pan-Slav policy with the Czechs, Serbs and Bulgars, and encouraging "workers'" revolutions in France, Poland and elsewhere. We might also get the use of bases in Siberia against Japan. If it is not set up, or is not convincing enough, Russia will almost certainly go her own way, as she is doing today.

What do we mean by a "system of international security"? There are minimum and maximum goals at which we could aim. The maximum goal would be a World Government or Federation, controlling an international police force. Since we have made no visible progress towards this goal during the whole of the war, and, if Britain and the United States could agree on their relative voting power in the governing body and the disposition of the British colonies, it is almost unthinkable that Russia would yield any of her jealously-guarded sovereignty or secrets, we would be wise to lower our sights somewhat and seek a more modest goal.

### New League of Nations

We are on firmer ground when we consider a modified and toughened League of Nations. (This article was written before Mr. Churchill's speech.) After all, the United States has already invented and founded one, and regretted not staying in it, while Russia has been a member. The American Congress would be far more likely, I believe, to undertake a commitment to a League of Nations than to sign a long-term alliance with Russia, as Britain has done —and which presents our third alternative in setting up a security system. George Washington's "Beware of entangling alliances" is still a potent cry in the U.S.

There remains the minimum objective: the securing of world air control. With their great lead over the rest of the world in air power, and by denying such power completely to Germany and Japan, and keeping up their surface fleets, Britain and the United States might be able between them to insure such another century of world peace as British sea power gave us between 1814-1914. There is a very real danger, however, recognized by both Vice-President Wallace and the London *Times*, that if Britain and America try to do this *without* Russia, they might in the end find themselves aligned *against* Russia.

World air control is a subject which has been much discussed in the United States and Britain lately. Some American speakers have been asking questions about retaining the island bases which Britain has leased them in the Atlantic, and which Bri-

**This is Sergeant George Cowans of a British searchlight unit who recently made the news by bringing down an F.W.-190, one of Germany's fastest planes, with just 12 rounds from the double-barrelled Lewis gun he holds.**


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**American soldiers of Jap descent, these men are typical of the newly organized U. S. "Nisei" battalion.**

tain and the Dominions have allowed them to use in the Pacific. British spokesmen have shown concern over the advantage which the United States is gaining over them with its great program of cargo and passenger plane construction and operation, while Britain builds bombers and fighters exclusively.

The question of policy involved here, whether it be "freedom of the air," or domination of the air, would lie within Mr. Eden's province, though the technical details would not. His discussions with Secretary of War Stimson and Secretary of the Navy Knox could have to do with their conception of American aerial and naval plans and commitments in the post-war world. (They certainly have nothing to do with opening the second front, as some have suggested.) There is need for agreement on co-operation here between Britain and America, before a harmful controversy develops. After all, if the United States has the planes, it is Britain who has the world wide bases.

## The Man for the Job

In any case Mr. Eden will learn a lot about the American attitude while here, and be able to do a lot in explaining Britain's attitude. Invaluable is the opportunity which he took to lunch with the members of the House and Senate Foreign Relations Committees, powerful arbiters of American foreign policy. Some of their members expressed suspicions that Britain might be taking some secret commitments to the peace table, of which Americans knew nothing. If any British statesman could have reassured them, then it was Eden.

Similarly, if any British statesman can open relations of confidence with Russia, it is Eden. If during or shortly after his visit to Washington the Senate should place itself on record as committing the United States to membership in a system of international security, then Eden will probably proceed to Moscow. If, at the same time, a "second front" had been opened across the Channel, his mission would have the greatest possible chance of success.

That is taking the most optimistic outlook possible on the situation. We would be burying our head in sand if we did not recognize that, as things stand, we are very far from any mutually confident Anglo-American-Russian arrangement. It is only four and a half years since a British Government appeared to clear the way, through the Munich Agreement, for German expansion in Eastern Europe; and only three and a half years since the Soviet Government cleared the way, with the Ribbentrop Pact, for a German attack on France and Britain.

Similarly, it is less than two years since the Kremlin, through the Matsuoka Agreement, freed Japan for an attack on American and British positions in the Pacific. Washington, for its part, had refused for 15 years to recognize the Soviet Government, had strongly favored Finland in the Russo-Finnish War, and is said to have blocked the inclusion in the Anglo-Soviet 20-Year Treaty of June 1942 of recognition of Russian sovereignty over the Baltic States, Karelia and Bessarabia.

Russia was very anxious to have this recognized, and Britain is believed to have been ready to do so, as she was not in the summer of 1939, in the Moscow negotiations which the Soviets never believed the Chamberlain Government seriously meant (or it would not have entrusted them to a minor official of the Foreign Office).

## Attitude Misunderstood

It seems that the Kremlin, understandably enough, interpreted our hesitation about the Baltic States, American support for Finland, the plan for a Polish-Czech federation and our active diplomacy in Turkey as a scheme to re-establish the "cordon sanitaire" of 1919, which was to contain Bolshevism in Eastern Europe.

Stalin's reaction was to bluntly publish his claim, not only to the above territories, but to Eastern Poland as well, about which he had been willing earlier to negotiate at the end of the war; to reject the invitation to a Roosevelt-Churchill conference; and to set to work to split the Czechs and Poles by guaranteeing the former their pre-Munich frontiers, launching an attack on the "bourgeois" Polish Government-in-exile, and making obvious preparations to overthrow it with a "people's" revolution by setting up a "Free Poland" organization and newspaper in Moscow.

That is where we stand today; there is no use blinking at the facts. From Admiral Standley's complaint that he can get no exchange of confidential information from the Russians, we are no further ahead than we were 15 months ago, when Stalin blandly answered Eden's similar request with the question "Are *you* glad you told all your secrets to the French?"

It was high time someone came out with a bold proposal for post-war organization, as Mr. Churchill did last Sunday; and high time, too, that we launched our all-out military action against Germany, as we appear to have done in our great bombing offensive and the Tunisian drive, any time after the conclusion of which we might expect the main show to be opened across the English Channel.

Once we provide Russia with decisive relief from the main German weight the efforts of Mr. Eden, and perhaps of Mr. Benes, and I think, quite possibly of President Roosevelt—who may turn up in Moscow some time this year—will have a chance of drawing Russia away from her "lone wolf" game and into international co-operation.


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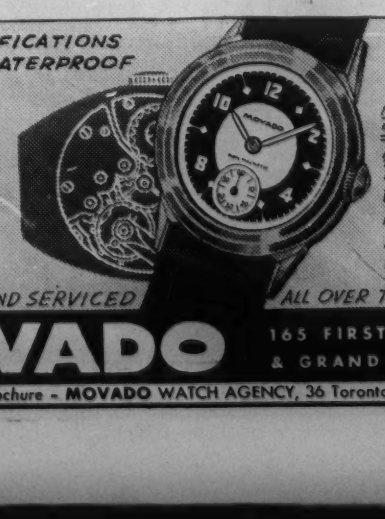

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# Social Security in Soviet Russi

*London.*

BY JILL MASSINGHAM

**With everyone talking about social security, the question is frequently asked: "How do they do these things in Russia?" This article by a writer who has made first-hand examination of the Russian social security scheme answers the question without suggesting that other nations should or could copy the Russian ideas.**

**On page 6 of this issue B. K. Sandwell discusses the Marsh report.**

TO compare the social insurance scheme of Britain with that of the Soviet Union is not only in some ways odious but from one point of view almost impossible. The difference between the two schemes would be just as marked if all the proposals contained in the Beveridge report were adopted.

The fundamental principle of all economic life in Soviet Russia is "each according to his deserts." Money, insurance benefit, promotion has to be earned by work—not necessarily manual. The idea that if you pay contributions into an insurance fund you automatically obtain a fixed rate of payment out of that fund when in need, is foreign to Russia. You have to qualify for your right to benefit by work and by membership of a Trade Union.

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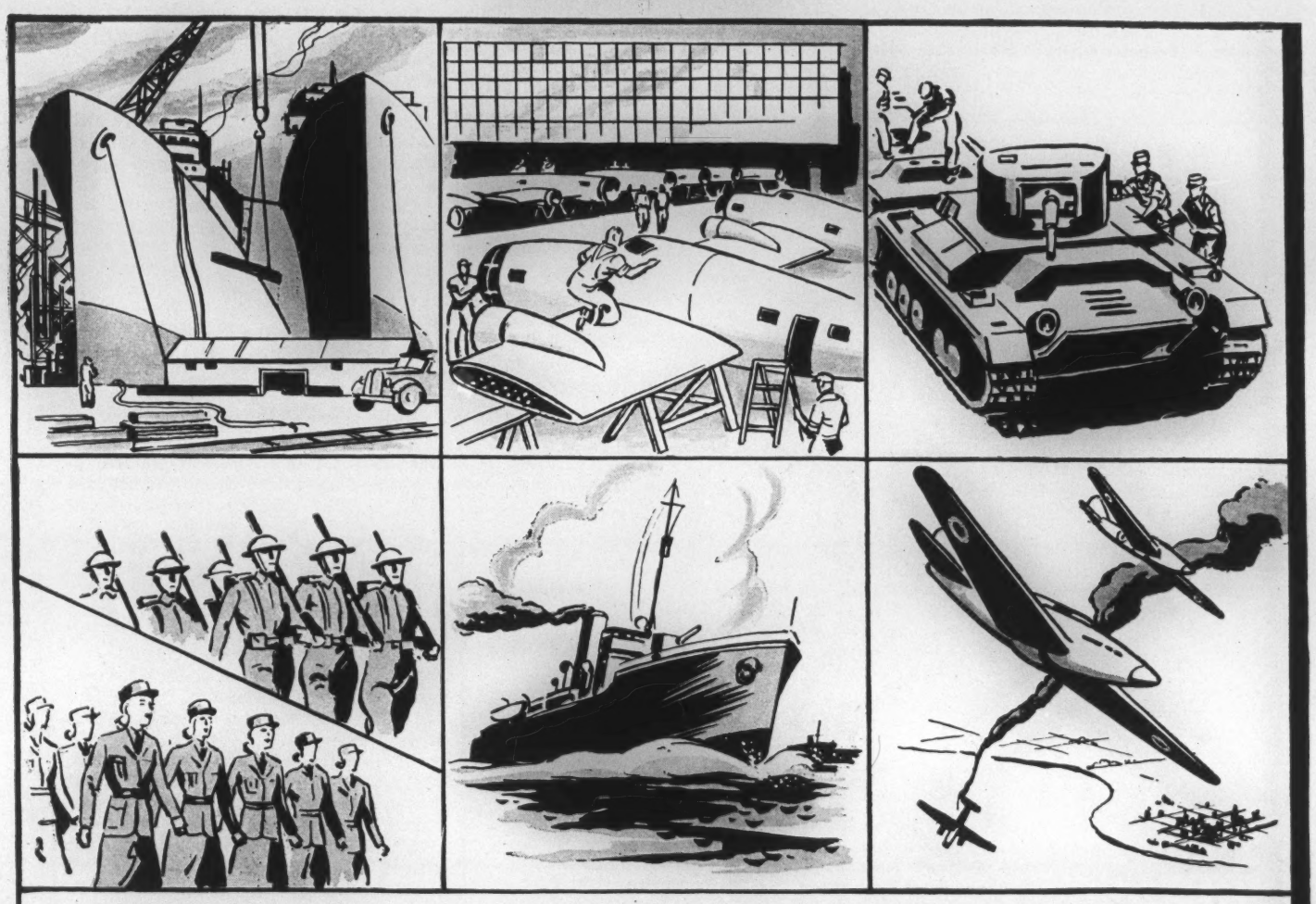

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# Social Security in Soviet Russia

BY JILL MASSINGHAM

**With everyone talking about social security, the question is frequently asked: "How do they do these things in Russia?" This article by a writer who has made first-hand examination of the Russian social security scheme answers the question without suggesting that other nations should or could copy the Russian ideas.**

**On page 6 of this issue B. K. Sandwell discusses the Marsh report.**

*London.*

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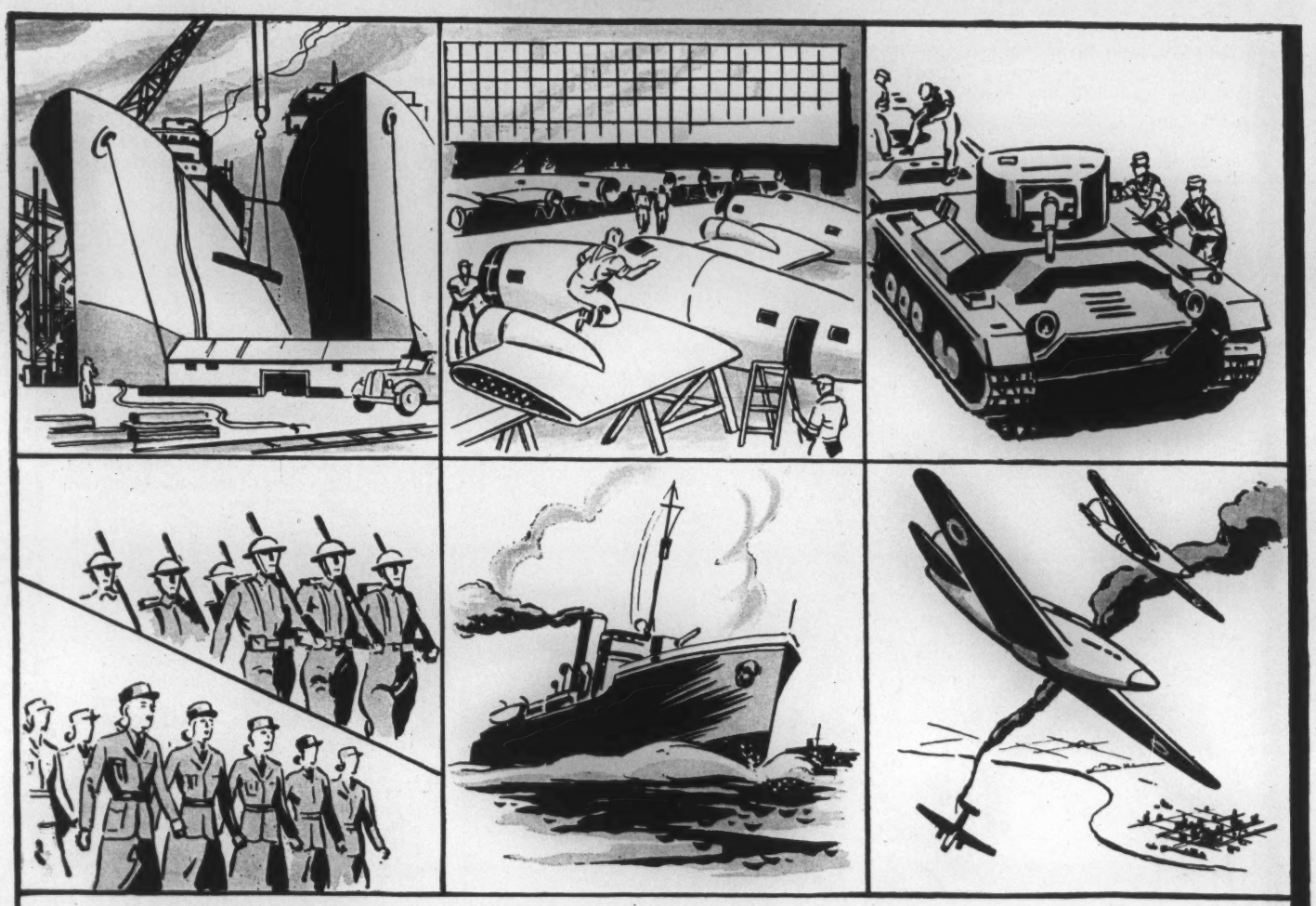

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**HOMEWOOD SANITARIUM**

The happiest days of many patients' lives have been spent at Homewood. It is more than a hospital for the treatment of nervous and mental strain . . . it is a community of beautiful buildings situated on a scenic country site, where good cheer and interest rule. The services of a kindly medical staff—hydrotherapy, massage, diet, electrotherapy, occupational therapy, are all included in one very moderate rate.

*Write F. H. C. Baugh, M.D. Medical Superintendent, Homewood Sanitarium, Guelph, Ont.*

# THE LIGHTER SIDE

## Wartime Optimism: The Life of Lea and Perrins

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

*"There is no greater stimulus to our National Spirit than the contemplation of the lives of the great men who have made our country what it is"* . . . .

THE coming together of Lea and Perrins, about a century and a half ago, which was later on to have such momentous consequences, seems to have been entirely fortuitous. They met first as schoolboys at the old Winchester school. Harry Perrins, a vigorous young fellow in the Senior Fourth, came upon young Charles Lea, a new boy, standing alone in a corner of the Quad. He felt drawn to this shy, unknown lad. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Just dreaming," answered Charles. "I say," said Harry, "dreaming? That's a queer idea,—dreaming of what?" "Of a sauce," answered Charles.

"What sort of sauce?" asked Harry.

"Ah, that I don't know as yet," replied the little fellow.

That began the friendship of the two boys henceforth inseparable. . . .

* * *

The boys went early to Oxford, to Worcester College, their parents being anxious to get them through it before the French Revolution broke out.

It was at Oxford that Harry Perrins learned glass blowing. "If you're still thinking of that sauce," he said to Charles Lea, "I think I could make a jolly good bottle for it."

Charles looked dreamily at his friend, "The vinegar," he said; "I'm studying chemistry."

* * *

It was on a bright morning after the Declaration of Independence that Charles Lea came early across the Quad to wake up Harry. "I can make it," he said.

* * *

A few days later in a cellar of the old Mitre Tavern Charles and Harry stood looking into a broad vat full of dark liquid. Charles threw into it a last spoonful of powder. "That's got it," he said.

"What was in that powder, Charlie?" asked Harry.

"Hush, hush," Charles said, "there are people above."

"Whisper it," said Harry.

"No, no," answered Charles,—"not now."

"What do we do next?" asked Harry presently.

"We have to wait twenty-five years," said Charlie. "You can't hurry vinegar. Everybody knows that."

"What do we do in the twenty-five years?"

"We have to think out a label," said Charles. "We'll need all the time."

* * *

THE twenty-five years, thus busily occupied, seemed to pass like a drop in a vat. One year Charles got the idea of a bird on the label, and within a few years more Harry seized the notion of the picture of a rabbit. A few hurried years were devoted to selecting the color, and—it seemed in no time—the thing was done.

They were ready to bottle up, still both under sixty, hale and hearty, having never touched sauce in their lives.

* * *

Then came an unforeseen delay.

"Charles," said Harry, "how do we *sell* it?"

"What do you mean?" asked Charles, still as unpractical as ever.

"Sell it, sell it. Put it on the market and push it."

"It's a good sauce," protested Charles.

"Good? Of course it is,—but that won't advertise it. Didn't you learn anything from the French Revolution?"

* * *

Charles was impractical, but he had a rapid mind.

"That's it," he said; "you've said it."

"What do you mean?" asked Harry.

"The French Revolution. Aristocracy? Don't you see, we'll say the sauce was made from a recipe given us by a nobleman". . .

"Hold on," said Harry, puzzled, "a nobleman couldn't make up a recipe."

"Of course not," said Charles. "Don't you see, we'll *say* he did."

* * *

A few days later Harry turned up at Charles's rooms with a tall aristocratic man, stamped with all the stamps that mark nobility.

"This is Lord Nit of Worcester," he said. "Show him where to sign."

"You don't need to," said Harry, "just write, 'from the recipe of a nobleman of that county'."

Lord Nit took the pen.

"I say," he said, "rather good that, eh?"

* * *

WITH that the sauce was on.

The busy years spun past, expanding the British Empire as the need for the sauce kept bulging it outwards.

There was still much to do. Eager years passed in the quest of a glass stopper and a cork, involving the expulsion of the Portuguese Royal Family.

* * *

Charles and Harry, still hale and hearty, confidently expected to live on into the reign of Queen Victoria.

* * *

But it was not to be.

There came a day when a breathless manservant broke into Harry's study. . .

"Could you come over, Sir, at once," he managed to say. "It's Mr. Charles. He's real bad."

"What's he been taking?" asked Harry.

"Some of the sauce, I'm afraid, sir."

"Good Lord!" gasped Harry.

* * *

Harry leant over Charles's bed. It seemed as if they were back again, boys together, in the old Winchester Quad, with Charlie still dreaming.

"Charlie," murmured Harry, "Charlie, can you still hear me? What was in the spoon?"

But there came no answer.

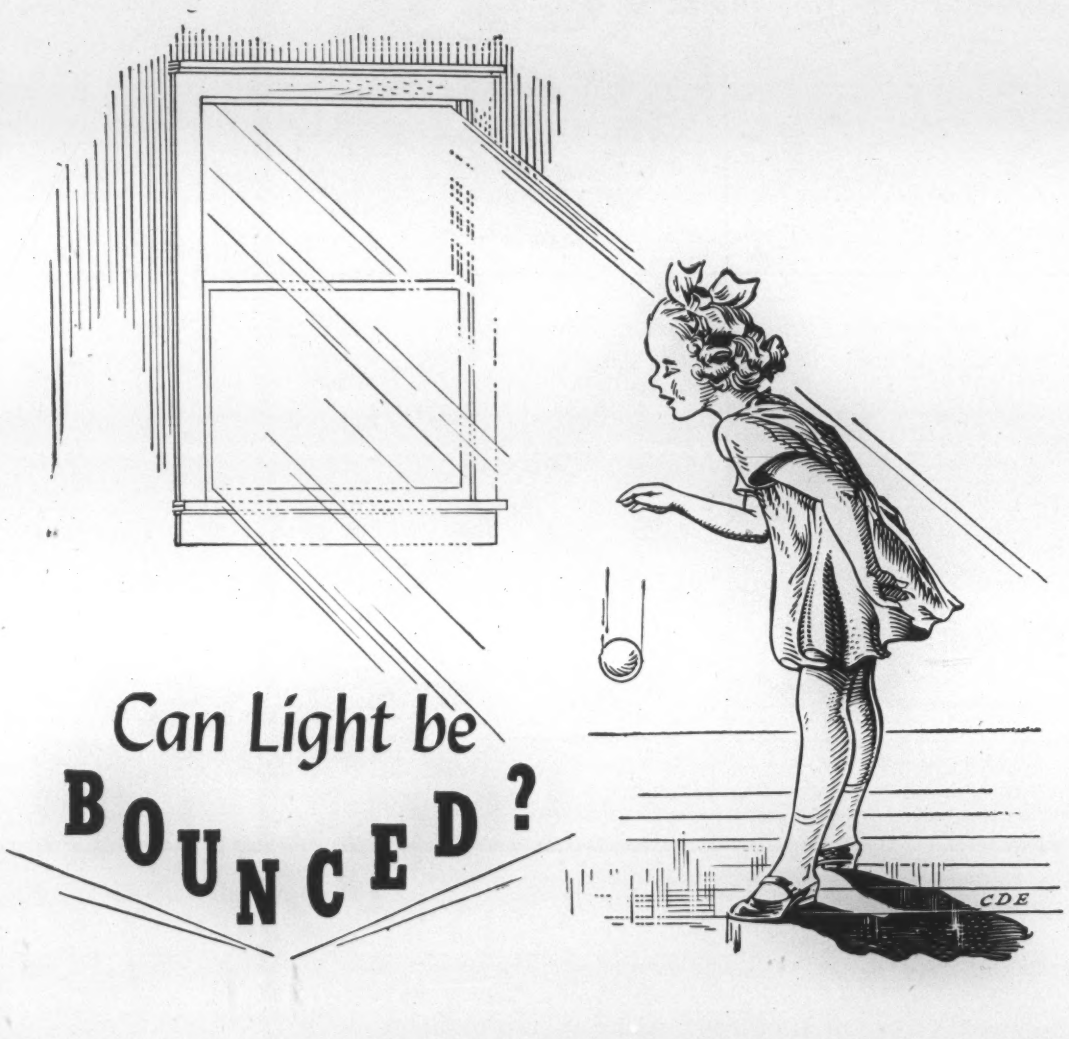
### DEATH NOTICE

**MRS. S. J. WILLIAMS**—The death of Mrs. Sarah M. Williams, C.S.B., occurred at her home "Chalet Rhus", Preston, on Friday, March 12th and the funeral services were held on Monday, March 15th at 11 A.M. at her home and in the Chapel of the Necropolis Crematorium in Toronto at 3 P.M.

Mrs. Williams was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., 1860, came to Canada as a bride in 1880, moved to Kitchener, then Berlin, in 1894. She was predeceased by her husband, the late Samuel J. Williams of Kitchener, who passed away in Santa Barbara, Calif. in 1923 and by her elder daughter F. Elinor Williams who died in Mexico City in 1926. She is survived by only one daughter D. Esther Williams of Preston.

Mrs. Williams was a prominent worker in the Christian Science Church both as a teacher and a practitioner and was keenly interested in the Arts, especially Canadian Art.

**CHEMISTRY HELPS TO WIN THE WAR**




When light strikes a surface, high in reflection value, it bounces back like a rubber ball. But dark, dingy surfaces absorb light; they blot it out.

In many industrial plants and factories across the country the secret of keeping light bouncing has meant great savings in electrical power used. Ceilings, walls and floors have been turned into huge reflectors by painting with light reflecting finishes. There are no dark surfaces to blot out the lumens (units of light). With no increase in power, there have been important increases in illumination.

Today, conservation of electrical energy is essential to Canada's industrial effort. The amount of power available is definitely limited. It must be made to go as far as possible. "Bouncing Light" helps to stretch our vital supplies of power.

The Paint & Varnish Division of C-I-L produces finishes of high quality and durability. Executives interested in the possibilities of "Bouncing Light" may take advantage of the Division's knowledge regarding the use of paint in salvaging waste light for Victory.

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# AFTER THE WAR

## Majoring in Dancing

BY D. D. CALVIN

IN THE summer of a recent year there arrived at the administrative offices of Queen's University the letter which appears below. For obvious reasons the writer's name and address have been omitted; let it suffice to say that the letter came from the "Far West."

"The Dean, Queen's University.

"Dear Sir:

"I should like to know if dancing is included in your curriculum, and if so, is it possible to obtain a degree majoring in this subject?

"Physical education would not be included in my plans, as I shall not require it in my work here.

"Would you please send me a copy of your prospectus, specifying what types of dancing you present? Do you teach exclusively the modern type (Wigman - Martha Graham, etc.)?"

About the same time there appeared in the newspapers a Canadian Press cable despatch from London concerning a very different letter, one which had appeared in *The Times* over the week-end; it was signed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. The letter set out a "basis for lasting peace," which included five standards "by which economic proposals may be tested." The second of these was "Equal opportunities of education for every child."

REFRAINING from facetious comment upon the first of these letters, and acknowledging the importance and the sincerity of the second, is it unfair to suggest two things? The first is that the Archbishops' educational "standard" has already had a rather long trial on this continent; the second is that its too wide extension in higher education has led to such things as the expectation of a university degree with dancing as a "major subject."

Let us begin with the background. It is a commonplace to say that the North American continent is a unit, except politically. Its natural divisions are not the United States and Canada, but rather the Atlantic Seaboard, the Great Lakes area, the Central Plains, the Pacific Slope. The pressure of the older, wealthier, and more populous United States—or is it just the pressure of geographical fact itself?—has been strong and steady upon Canada. For example; it may be said in general terms that while the inherited part of our political structure is British, its modifications are American. From Britain we have ministerial responsibility and the appointment of judges, from the United States we have sectional representation, "patronage," party conventions, civic government by Boards of Control, methods of assessment and taxation, the popular election of mayors. Again, there is the enormous investment of American capital in Canada; while in everyday life there are newspapers, radio and other advertising, international unions, "service clubs"—and a hundred other things.

IN EDUCATION, similar effects may be seen. Our primary and secondary schools, and the Boards of Education which govern them, are closely like their American equivalents. Our universities have in varying degree followed American example in multiplying and sub-dividing their subjects of study, and in setting up a wide variety of vocational teaching. This tendency, as has been pointed out by more than one observer, is more marked in the West; in the East there is a greater conservatism, on both sides of the border.

Does it not follow, then, that we in Canada cannot be uninterested in contemporary American opinion upon the conditions which have grown up as a result of modern developments in higher education? Will not the comments of American educationists inevitably apply to Canadian universities in so far as higher education in the two countries has followed the same path? It seems axiomatic.

President Coffman of the University of Minnesota, speaking at the Centenary celebrations of New York University in 1932, said that while the State University "grows out of the very soil of democracy" he was nevertheless "gravely concerned about (its) future usefulness." He acknowledged the force of the idea that higher education is aristocratic, not democratic—that the best only, and not the masses, are able to profit from it. Another speaker, E. F. Gay, professor of Economic History at Harvard, said that the university to-day must be utilitarian and vocational, but it "must subserve . . . also the craving for a richer and fuller life." How are the two things to be reconciled? Other speakers felt similar misgivings.

R. C. Angell, professor of Sociology at the University of Michigan, in his book "The Campus" (1928) discusses the American college scene with great frankness. He finds that the students live in a holiday spirit, that their intellectual level is low, that a new movie is more popular with them than the most eminent lecturer, that their general ambition is to "get by." He excuses the students by saying that their attitude is typical of the changes in the social order in the United States since the middle of the nineteenth century; he affirms that they are the victims of what he calls "externalism" — the worship of economic power and of "things." If they also worship athletic prowess, it is because the Americans are a nation of spectators; being well-to-do, they are exploited by the showman.

A book of another kind, but one which confirms Professor Angell's views, was published in 1929 by J. A. Hawes, who was for many years the travelling secretary of a well-known "Frat." He, too, reaches the conclusion that democracy in education means a lowering of standards; and that the real interest of the American college student, as he saw him, lies in athletics, fraternities, social life, and the rest of the "side-shows."

THE writers of a Carnegie Foundation report (1938), entitled "The Student and his Knowledge," find that American college education consists of "treadmill performances that have slight, if any, educational result." They allege that the best High School graduate is as far advanced as the lowest B.A., and that the average B.A. is below the best sophomore. They attribute their findings to the fact that one-third of the students are, in their opinion, incapable of profiting from university education.

Some Americans of fifty years ago, who could hardly have foreseen these results, were nevertheless alarmed by the growth of vocational teaching—the attempt to democratize higher education and make the university all things to all men. For example; Charles A. Dana, the famous editor of the New York *Sun*, was thoroughly opposed to the Schools of Journalism which were being set up in American universities in the early 1890's. He suggested that the young journalist should read history and English literature, above all he should read Shakespeare and the Authorized Version of the Bible.

Canadian educationists, as well as American, are disturbed by recent developments. Dr. J. S. Thomson, now head of the C.B.C., then President of the University of Saskatchewan, speaking in Montreal at the 1940 Conference of Canadian Universities, declared that practical education may produce narrow minds; he made a plea for "reconsideration of our scheme of studies in general and in particular" because of "the gaps in the general intellectual equipment" of our students. As an example he cited the study of Politics, which he said was too much concerned with Canada, "while the graver matters raised by Plato and Aristotle are neglected."

W. H. Fyfe, during his years as Principal of Queen's, more than once avowed his belief that education must work upon "principles that are selective rather than inclusive," and that the democratic tendency, which reverses this order, works to the detriment of education — especially higher education.

The late W. L. Grant used to say, privately, (in words which confirm Fyfe's second idea) that it might be well if Government should confer upon all Canadians, upon coming of age, the degree of Bachelor of Arts —and let higher education be divorced completely from the pursuit of degree-labels.

If it be objected that both Dr. Thomson and Dr. Fyfe are Old Country men, and that W. L. Grant had been at Oxford, perhaps an article in *Queen's Journal*, (the students' paper) 19 February 1937, may be considered a purely Canadian view. The writer of it comes to the same kind of conclusion as Dr. Thomson, and sets it out in a way which closely parallels the views of the Americans who have been quoted — Coffman, Angell, Hawes. The earlier generations at Queen's, says the *Journal*, left a four-fold tradition — intellectual, which is to-day "heeded slightly"; cultural, which is met with "hurled stones"; religious, which is "ignored"; physcial, which is "revelled in." It is an over-statement, of course, yet the very fact that the *Journal* published such an article shows that there are Canadian students who are conscious of the lack of something which former generations enjoyed.

The *Journal's* article, by implication, leaves scientific and vocational training as the only live interests in university work. Is it, then, the increase in vocational work which has caused the weakening of the four-fold tradition? Probably not; it is more likely that university student-life is, as R. C. Angell said, a cross-section of the life of the country.

YET the increase of vocational studies in our universities does seem to grow out of our materialistic society. Dean Inge has shown that progress in the nineteenth century was largely of a kind measurable by statistics. Have we not, in the present century, (he asks) carried the statistical standard beyond its proper field? Are we not prone, for example, to think that we who can drive about at 60 m.p.h. are for that reason five times as "advanced" as the men who were limited to 12 m.p.h.? Do we not think of a multiplicity of courses as a sign of progress? One Canadian university offers fifty-five "Extension" courses, under forty-four headings, which range from "Air Conditioning" through "Cost Accounting" and "Lip Reading" to "Radio Writing" and "The World To-day."

Why labor the argument? It seems sufficiently plain that "equal opportunity of education" has been attempted on this continent—with such results as have been outlined. What can be done to check the curious idea that dancing and lip-reading are legitimate subjects for university education? Sir James Irvine, Principal of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, is in no doubt. Though he is a scientist, he believes that there is a "vast difference between the technically-trained mind and the educated mind; . . . the university is not the place to produce both."

Our Canadian universities are committed, for better, for worse and for a long time to come, to this very attempt "to produce both." Ought they not, then, to make it clear that liberal education and professional training are two different things, and, while striving to reconcile them, to insist that the former is still the true goal of university study?

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LAST FRONTIER...
JUST as Canadian Pacific's steel rails once opened up the West, so, today, sleek silver planes bearing the insignia of Canadian Pacific Air Lines are rolling back the map of Canada's new North, the world's last great frontier.
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The company is working closely with the Governments of the United States and Canada to provide air transport to meet essential war needs. Canadian Pacific planes played a major role in the construction of the Alaska Highway and are daily carrying an ever-increasing volume of mail to the troops, equipment and supplies to contractors engaged on far northern defence projects, and moving large numbers of priority passengers engaged on war business. More than 90% of the total traffic handled is connected with the war effort.
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# BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

## War-Work Racketeers Are Punished

BY P. W. LUCE

EVER since war industries started a labor boom on the Pacific Coast there have been persistent rumors that big pay and hard work did not necessarily go together. Men who had jobs in the shipyards or the aircraft factories frequently boasted that it was the softest snap they ever had. Some on night duty said they had three or four hours' sleep every shift, and some on day work boasted they never sweated except in the heat of summer. No secret was made of their slacking; they discussed it openly on street cars and in beer parlors.

At long last, action has been taken against a few of these types.

Ten or twelve shipyard workers have been prosecuted for collecting pay for days on which they did not work. Their modus operandi was simplicity itself. They punched themselves in in the morning, picked up their tools and went to their stations, worked a little while, then strolled out of the yards and went about their private business for the rest of the day. Late in the afternoon they slipped back to the yard and punched themselves out at quitting time with the rest of the gang. Their fellow-workers knew all about their little game.

Convicted, the men were fined from $25 to $100 each, or 30 days to three months' imprisonment. All paid. The highest fine was only a fraction of the total filched from the company by the individual who had been caught, but he also lost his job, temporarily at least. He's pretty confident he'll get it back soon.

According to the police, this type of "worker" is on the increase.

Other authorities say the incidence of absenteeism has decreased in recent months, and its frequency is two per cent less here than in comparable eastern cities. Many of the higher-paid craftsmen would rather lose a day's work than see a big slice of their wages go to the government as taxes. . . and t'hell with the war.

### Jap Property

Most of the property seized by Federal authorities when the Japanese were moved from the danger zone on the Pacific Coast is still in the care of the deputies of the custodian of enemy property, and will likely remain so for a considerable time. Outside of the fishing boats, automobiles, and trucks, which were sold soon after the Nipponese were moved inland, the seized goods are in storage.

Once in a while the custodian advertises a drug or grocery or clothes cleaning business for sale, "including fixtures and goodwill," though the latter must surely be non-existent in a place which has been gathering dust for many long months. The price received for these concerns is not revealed, but it is said to be fair for such of the stock as has a selling value for white customers. Oriental merchandise is not worth shelf space where there are no Oriental buyers, but some of this is shipped to the new Japanese settlements in the interior and disposed of there at a profit.

While it is apparently the intention of the authorities to convert Japanese assets into cash eventually, this does not necessarily mean that the former owners will be barred from returning to the Coast after the war. Protests against this eventuality continue to be made, but the general impression is that the bulk of the deportees will be back in Victoria and Vancouver as soon as they think it safe to return, and that Ottawa won't do much about it, if anything.

### Planked Steak à la Hitler

*Wood chips are being transformed by German science into artificial meat.—News item.*

I HOPE that I shall never see
An ersatz chicken fricassee,
And may the steak be never mine
That's planed from off the lonesome pine.

I hope I'll never find a use
For liver, oak, and bacon, spruce.
I think you'd hate, as well as I,
A poplar steak and kidney pie—
Or soup that doubly mocks the turtle
Coming from the yew or myrtle.

Give thanks, then, that no one has gypped us
Yet with chops of eucalyptus,
Nor yet has thought to try us out
With knuckles, elm, and sauerkraut.

But as Controllers have a flair
For getting ideas anywhere
Let us now on knees entreat 'em!
Brothers, spare the arboretum.

STUART HEMSLEY.

### Safety Disregarded

Operators of dance halls, assembly rooms, and other public meeting places learned nothing from the disastrous fires and panics in Boston and Newfoundland. A Vancouver fire chief and a fire warden who visited a number of night clubs found that every one of them had the doors bolted in such a way as to prevent easy exit in case of emergency. The proprietors were fined from $25 to $50 for this infraction of the city by-laws.

Many of the halls do not have the exits clearly indicated with red lights. Some permit exits to be blocked with chairs when the usual seating capacity is exceeded. The regulation that outside doors should be fastened only with emergency bolts is flagrantly disobeyed. Emergency exits are difficult of access, or even non-existent.

The names of the night clubs and halls which flagrantly disregarded the safety of their patrons were published in the newspapers, and it made not the slightest difference in the subsequent attendance. The public seems willing to go fifty-fifty with the management in taking unnecessary risks.

"Imagine me helping to make rubber tires!"

"WE horses hauled caissons with the best of 'em back in 1914-1918. And darned if *this* war—motorized as it is—hasn't backed right up to our stable doors again. Ploughing, planting and harvesting the grain for high-proof alcohol is what they want us for this time . . . high-proof alcohol to make the rubber Hirohito thought he was doing us out of. And folks, take it from us, the United Nations are *getting* that grain, that alcohol, that rubber!"

Synthetic rubber made from high-proof alcohol is jumping out of the test tube and onto the wheels and treads of jeeps, trucks, tanks, gun carriages, and airplane landing gear, outwearing and outfighting the best natural rubber. Unaffected by gasoline and oil, it's going into self-sealing gas tanks, gasoline and fuel oil hose and pipeline connections. It's making rafts, diving suits, oxygen masks and literally thousands of other pieces of war equipment.

Not only is high-proof alcohol used in the manufacture of synthetic rubber, but also it is an essential in the production of high explosives, war chemicals, pharmaceuticals, medical supplies, lacquers, shatterproof glass and countless other war materials. Today high-proof alcohol is pouring from our stills in an ever-increasing volume . . . a vital element of Victory!

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*Every Seagram plant in Canada and the United States is engaged 100% in the production of ALCOHOL FOR WAR*

# WEEK IN RADIO

## Merrill Denison is a Big Shot

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

A CANADIAN by the name of Merrill Denison has been getting into the papers of the United States in a big way lately, partly because he has written a book that has been selected as the Book of the Month for the Canadian section of the Book of the Month Club, and partly because after twelve years writing for radio in United States Denison has become one of the "experts" in broadcasting circles.

The book, by the way, is "Klondike Mike", a story of the life of Mike Mahoney, hero of innumerable Klondike legends. I don't know anything about the book, because I haven't read it, but I do know something about its author, who nearly fourteen years ago wrote the first important Canadian radio series, sponsored by the Canadian National Railways. It was called "Romance of Canada". Denison, who always reminded me a little of Alexander Woollcott, was one of the *Star Weekly* feature writers at that time, and his one-hour broadcasts, originating from Montreal, created quite a stir in those pioneer days of radio.

Architecture, soldiering, playwriting and the International Red Cross, not to mention some time spent at various European colleges, claimed Denison's pre-radio years. After his success in Canadian radio, the lure of bigger money and greater opportunity took him to the United States, where he has in the past decade written a notable cavalcade of American drama for the major U.S. networks, starting with Great Moments in History, and currently including dramatic episodes for the Prudential Hour, and the script for Women of America. He was the first chairman of the Radio Committee and publicity director for the British War Relief Society in New York. In between times he has acted as consultant, producer, author and special publicist for radio.

I have just come across an interesting pen-sketch of Denison, written by a New York writer, James H. Rorty. Part of it follows:

"He is part pundit, part elf, and wholly himself: a combination that makes him complicated and very often inscrutable. In appearance a swarthy, brooding individual, he could pass for a foreign correspondent, career diplomat or other *beau-sabreur*, but beneath the well-tailored surface lurks a backwoods sybarite with a jovial, robust sense of humor. Although he looks to be pure Latin he swears he is three-quarters Scotch, which possibly explains everything. He is American by birth and Canadian by adoption. Being a guest in neither house he feels himself free to praise or damn both native and adopted lands with equal fervor. This eclecticism seems to be in part inherited and in part acquired. He comes of American revolutionary stock on his father's side and United Empire Loyalist on his mother's; a combination which has tended to produce in Merrill a rugged internationalism. His mother, Flora MacDonald Denison, was one of Canada's pioneer suffragists and at a tender age Merrill toured Europe and the United States with her in the only genuine mother-and-son act known to that phase of the struggle for human liberty.

"Following the Great War he returned home eager to resume his architectural career and was soon serving time with a New York architectural firm and doing pretty well for himself. But after three and a half years spent in the army and twenty odd summers in the Canadian backwoods office life seemed depressingly constricted. To boot, he found himself, though a Beaux Arts designer, rapidly becoming a specialist in hotel kitchen lay-out. Discovering suddenly one day that the whole architectural interlude had been at best an error, he returned to Toronto to become art director of Hart House Theatre and Canada's first playwright. Since then he has written eleven books, innumerable plays, and radio scripts, served as the Canadian correspondent for British and American papers, as a special feature writer for the ubiquitous Toronto *Star Weekly*, and in a bewildering number of advisory and consulting jobs to the large broadcasting companies and educational foundations."

It is the story of another Canadian who would have been a great asset to Canada had he remained in the Dominion. There is some satisfaction, however, in the fact that we can still listen to his radio plays and read his books.

THE other Sunday night when Mme. Wanda Landowska, the world's greatest harpsichordist, sat in the CBC's studio on Grenville Street, Toronto, and thrilled Canadians with her majestic art, Jean Beaudet, the music director of CBC, had kindly reserved a front seat and there we were, where thousands of others would love to have been, watching Mme. Landowska as she played.

It was wonderful to watch her. This Polish woman of the middle sixties, with her black hair parted in the middle and brushed down straight on either side, has a poise and a character that is beauty in itself. Her sister sat beside her, turned the pages of the music, held the artist's spectacles, hurriedly put a shawl around her between numbers . . . you could see the younger sister virtually adored the older one.

It was a big event for Adolf Koldofsky, the Canadian pianist. It was he who found the script which had been written by Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach, for harpsichord and orchestra. Mme. Landowska vouched for their authenticity, and was persuaded to come to Canada to play with Koldofsky's orchestra. There are seven concerts in the series, each three quarters of an hour in length. We recommend them highly.

THERE isn't very much use explaining to the producers and directors of the Army Show that a couple of weeks ago we wrote a nice helpful piece on how the show might be improved, but it was at the end of the column and when space is short the final paragraph sometimes gets left off.

So we'll try again and say what we think about the Army Show: In the first place, if the Army Show is intended to raise the dignity and spirit of the Canadian Army it just doesn't do it. Canada's ablest writer should be called in to handle the script.

In the second place, if it's true that the show commands a high rating in listeners' surveys, and that school boys are imitating the sergeant-major's tones, the show must have some merit.

What we suggested earlier was that Rai Purdy should act as master of ceremonies, but as a captain in the army, regulations forbid it. We suggested, too, that Alan Young and Bert Pearl might be drafted for the comedy parts, but neither is eligible. When Capt. Purdy was asked if the troops are liking the show, he said they loved it. Certainly it must be admitted that the music in the show is greatly improved.

Last week the directors and producers of the stage presentation of the Army Show invited the ladies and gentlemen of the press for a cup of tea in return for a story about the show, but all anybody told us about the stage show was that it's to open in Toronto early in April in the Victoria Theatre, and will play later in Hamilton, Ottawa, Montreal, and then go west.


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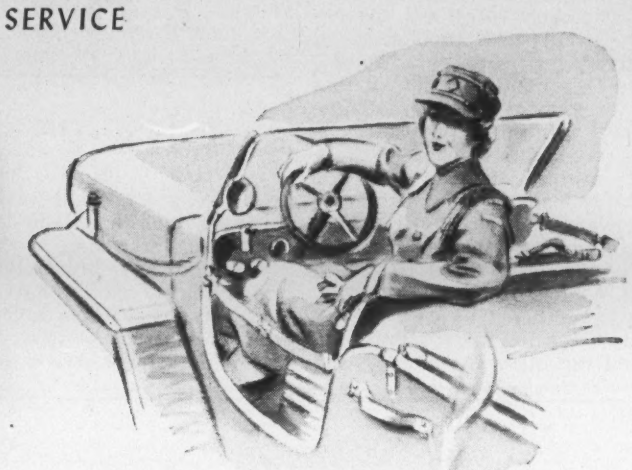

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We must KEEP 'EM FLOATING!

In one of Dosco's shaping plants, this ship-plate is being formed to meet exact requirements. A ship has been damaged — but soon it will be back in the fight, one of a thousand vital vessels in our life-line.

KEEPING 'em rolling does little good — *unless* we keep 'em floating, unless the matériel *gets through!* And to get it through to our armed forces overseas requires ships — ships — and more ships! New ships, yes — but, even more important: Keeping every available United Nations ship — whether it be cargo, transport, or warship — *in this fight!*

We — the Allies — have the greatest sea-power ever massed under one united command. To this we must add new units — and, above all, what we have we must hold. We must keep 'em floating, *keep our life-line intact!*

From Dosco — one of Canada's largest industries — pours forth a constant stream of gun-mountings, shell-cases, steel for ships-in-the-building, and all other war matériel within the scope of Dosco's vast resources. Yet at Dosco we know that none is more important than the unglamourized *ship-plate for repairs* — the stuff to keep 'em floating!

And we're *keeping it moving!*

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PLANTS, WAREHOUSES AND SALES OFFICES ACROSS CANADA

# THE LONDON LETTER

## It's 25 Years Since Women Got the Vote

BY P. O'D.

THERE are all kinds of wars, and the other day the veterans of the war for women's votes met to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their victory. It came as a bit of a shock to be reminded of it—all that ancient excitement and turmoil, the enthusiasts who threw themselves in front of race-horses or chained themselves to railings, the hunger-strikes and forcible feedings, the slashing of paintings, and then, when victory had been achieved, the discovery that it hadn't made so very much difference after all. Women at last had the vote, and hardly bothered to use it.

This does not mean that Mrs. Pankhurst and the other heroines of the movement for equal suffrage were wasting their time and their health and their enthusiasm in the struggle. It may not have proved so important that women should have the vote, but it was very important indeed that they should not be denied it.

Equal suffrage was a step forward that had to be made, and it may be that it was well worth all the suffering and effort that it involved. But victory must have come as rather an anti-climax to the leaders of the women's forces. As Oscar Wilde has said somewhere or other, there are two tragedies in life, wanting what we want—and getting it. Like heroines they fought their way into the moated castle, which had so far been an absolutely masculine stronghold, only to discover that there wasn't so very much there that women really wanted.

Most of the leaders in the long struggle—it went on from 1906 to 1918—are now mild-mannered old ladies, who look as if they had never said a stern boo to a goose. But they are not content to rest on their laurels and achievements. There are still advances to be made, though it is not likely that their methods will ever again be militant. All that fun is over.

Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, who presided at the anniversary luncheon, said that they looked forward to seeing the number of women representatives in Parliament greatly increased, women's economic equality established, larger and more general allowances for children, and many other social improvements—most of them of far more than merely feminine appeal.

And then, of course, there is Lady Astor, eternally youthful and uninhibited, who is looking forward to the time when women will take their places in the House of Lords and even on the Bench of Bishops. But I don't imagine this last is an ambition that many women share. Perhaps the thought of Lady Astor as a bishop is a bit discouraging.

### "David Garrick"

There is one play that I shall never forget. Even across the gap of more than forty years, some of its scenes are as vivid to me now as if I had seen them only yesterday—the one great scene especially. I can never think of that scene without a thrill, though of course only a pale reflection of my first flaming delight.

You see, I was a boy of about fifteen and, except for such things as St. Patrick's Night performances of "The Coleen Bawn" by the dramatic section of the Hibernian Society, I had never seen a play, a play properly produced and acted as this one was. And I was particularly fortunate, for the play was "David Garrick", and the Garrick was that fine actor, E. S. Willard—now, I suppose, hardly even a name, except to old-timers like myself.

No use telling me that "David Garrick" is old-fashioned and absurd, a piece of romantic theatrical bunkum. It may be, for all I know, but fortunately, I shall never really know. I shall still see Garrick giving his magnificent version of a wildly hilarious drunk, in fulfilment of his promise to the stuffy old London merchant that he will disillusion his stage-struck daughter—not knowing, of course, until it is too late, that she is the lovely unknown who has for weeks been watching him from a certain box at Drury Lane, and to whom he has played away his heart. I shall still see him slicing furiously at the candles with his sword and genially insulting all the other guests, and then begging old Ingot to get him away for God's sake because he can't stand it any more.

That was the big scene, and Willard was superb in it. He had a magnificent presence, and the finest voice, I think, I have ever heard on the stage. At any rate, that is how it seems to me now. He was also a most accomplished actor.

Now they have revived the old play in London—a new version, though not very greatly changed, by Constance Cox. It has been produced at the St. James's, with Donald Wolfit in the title role. The critics have been very kind to it, to the play, the cast, the setting and all, and audiences seem to be both large and enthusiastic. But I don't think I shall go. There are some experiences that it is foolish to try to recapture. It would make me sad to discover what tosh the old play probably is.

### Luton and its Hats

For 300 years or more Luton, down in Bedfordshire, has been known as the "hat town" of the country. Before the war there were some 450 hat factories there, employing about 16,000 workers. Hat-making was the recognized local industry. Luton was famous for its hats, as other towns are famous for motor-cars, or gloves, or leather, or shoes, or beer.

Even before the war Luton was hard hit by the queer but widespread fashion among men of going around

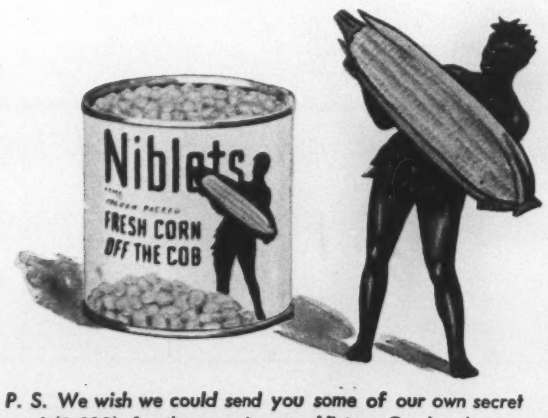

# How to grow your own Corn

***Why the canners of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn are running this message***

Everybody who can handle a hoe, and has even a tiny garden plot, is expected to lend a hand this year in raising more vegetables for his country in Victory Gardens.

Up here in the Sun-parlor of Canada we hope to produce an even greater crop of canned corn than ever before.

But a large percentage of all we raise must help feed our fighters and allies. Whatever you can raise will help those at home who haven't time or space for gardening. Here's hoping you'll have fun—and get a great corn crop!




*P. S. We wish we could send you some of our own secret seed (D-138) for the corn in your Victory Garden, but we have only enough for our own plantings.*

**1 - Decide how much you want.** As a basis for planning we suggest three 30-foot rows planted in three 10-foot "hitches," as described. Under *ideal* conditions this should give you about 50 ears a week for 3 to 4 weeks.

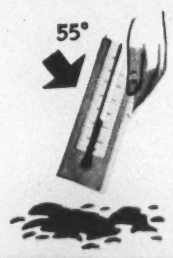
**First Secret—Good Seed**

We recommend any good golden hybrid seed, for its flavor as well as its greater content of vitamin A. For three 30-foot rows, you'll need 3 ounces of seed.

**2 - Preparing the soil**

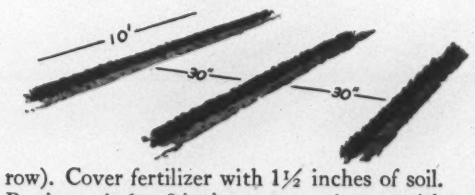
As soon as you can get into the garden plot without getting your feet muddy, turn soil about 8 inches and pulverize with back of spading fork or spade. (Most people spade deeper than necessary.) Spade in a good application of compost or manure, if available. Rake smooth.

**3 - When to plant.** When temperature of soil is about 55°F. (Just insert ordinary outside thermometer into ground so bulb is 4 inches below surface; leave for 10 minutes to register temperature.)




**4 - HOW TO PLANT**

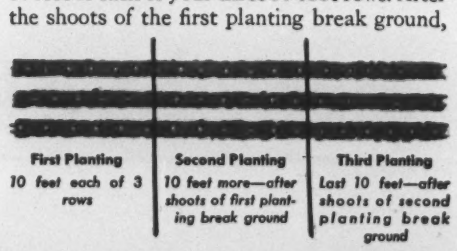
Rows give greater yield than hills. With stakes and string mark out three rows 30 inches apart and ten feet long. (The three rows planted at one time are needed for complete pollination.) Dig furrows about 3 inches deep. Sprinkle in light application of a complete fertilizer (about ¼ lb. per 10 feet of




row). Cover fertilizer with 1½ inches of soil. Put in seeds 6 to 8 inches apart and cover with 1 to 1½ inches of loose soil. Soil should be firmed down over the seed, but not packed. Plant corn on north side of garden to prevent shading other vegetables.

**Extend your Roastin' Ear season**

with three plantings. You have already used 10 feet of each of your three 30-foot rows. After the shoots of the first planting break ground,


First Planting
10 feet each of 3 rows
Second Planting
10 feet more—after shoots of first planting break ground
Third Planting
Last 10 feet—after shoots of second planting break ground

plant 10 feet more side by side in each of the three rows. Then when the *second* planting shows above ground, put in the third planting of 10 feet in each of the rows.

**5 - Go after weeds**

from the start. Keep the hoe sharp with a file and just shave off weeds when small. Deep hoeing does no good and is likely to cut the roots of the corn. Don't remove suckers from corn plants.

**6 - Pick it young, pick it tender**

The whole fun of eating corn-on-the-cob (or off) is to eat it garden-fresh and juicy. Up here in Canada's Sun-parlor, we have scientific tests to tell us when the corn is perfect for eating. That is not practical for home gardeners, but here is information that will help you. After the tassels have been out about 18 days and the silk has started to dry up, carefully open a few of the husks, and press a kernel with your thumbnail. If the milk squirts out, the ear is approaching eating maturity. If you want that fresh, garden flavor, serve right after picking. Corn should be dropped into boiling water and kept at a boil for 5 minutes—no longer.

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without a hat. Some men say they do it because it prevents them from getting colds in the head. Others claim that it is good for their hair. My personal feeling, as a confirmed hat-wearer, is that all this is pure humbug. They do it because it is the fashion—and surely a queer enough fashion in a country where half the time you have the rain trickling down the back of your neck.

The war brought further and heavier blows to Luton's traditional industry. Luton was prepared to make hats of almost any material, but not of steel. And so Luton's factories were cut down to about 200 and its workers to 4,000—mostly women and men over military age.

Luton didn't repine at this. Guns and ammunition, it realized, are more important than hats. But when the story got about that the Board of Trade was considering the shifting of Luton's hat industry to some other part of the country, machinery and workers and all, then Luton rose up on its hind legs and got ready to make a fight of it. There were fiery editorials in the local newspapers, public meetings of protest, and delegations to Westminster. And Luton had most people's good wishes.

Everything, it is pleasant to relate, has now ended happily. The Board of Trade has expressed its benevolent surprise that any such misapprehension should have occurred. This may, or may not, be merely the official way of pulling back an obtrusive horn, but Luton doesn't care. All Luton wanted was an assurance that the hat industry would not be moved, and that, when the war is over, the industry will still be doing business at the old stand. And now apparently Luton has that assurance.

The chief interest of this case lies in its revelation of the strong local feeling about these traditional industries. There has been a lot too much loose talk—by eminent officials, too—about the shifting of industry, as if it were a mere matter of moving a certain amount of machinery to a new site. It means the shifting of a whole population, the tearing up of strong and ancient roots. That is not a thing to be lightly undertaken. What is gained in planning may easily be lost in performance. Luton has done all the other localized industries a good turn in serving this warning on the authorities.

### A Sleeping Strike

Arnold Bennett in "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day"—or some other of those little volumes of reflection and advice he used to dash off between novels—has said that it is of the utmost importance to begin the day well. The morning cup of tea, for instance. A lot of the happiness and efficiency of the day can depend upon such things as that.

The engine-drivers and firemen of the London & Midland Railway seem to be of much the same opinion, especially as their day is apt to begin somewhere in the middle of the night. They insist on being called. No horrid alarm-clocks for them. No lying awake wondering if it is yet time to get up. No trusting even to their wives to remind them of the hour and if they didn't stay so late in the pubs they wouldn't be snoring when they ought to be at work and what did they think she and the children were going to do if they lost their job, etc. etc.

What these stalwart servants of the railed highway are accustomed to and demand is the friendly voice of a pal at the door—"Hey, Bill! It's Joe. Time to get up". Even a little tactful banging on the door, if necessary, so long as it is done by the hand of a friend. But called they must be, and officially, or they stay where they are.

Hence the system of "knockers-up", as they are professionally known, men whose job it is to go around to the houses of firemen and drivers and rout them out of bed, when they are liable for night-duty. It is an old and well-established custom. But these are stern and strenuous times in which we live, and apparently the management of the railway felt that it was a waste of manpower—and also of money—to keep a staff of men for no other purpose than to go around and tell other men that it was time to go to work. So they knocked off the "knockers-up".

The result was what might be called a sleeping strike. Some 500 drivers and firemen simply stayed by-by. Trains were cancelled, furious passengers crowded the stations, goods of all sorts were piled high on the platforms, chilled locomotives stood idle in the round-houses, frantic officials dashed madly about asking everyone concerned if they knew there was a war on. But the only answer was a chorus of determined snores.

The strike lasted for 24 hours. Deaf to all pleas, the men insisted on the "knockers-up". The management finally had to give in, and promised that the "knockers-up" would be reinstated. Now once again everything is peaceful and pleasant up Nottingham way—except, of course, for an occasional Nazi raider. The familiar footsteps echo through the blacked-out streets. The familiar voices ring discreetly out—"Hey, Bill! Yus, it's Joe callin'." And since all that is settled so nicely, I suppose we can now get on with the other war.

**Their job takes them into some high places. Men of the Royal Canadian Signals Corps in Britain demonstrate erection of a field telephone line.**

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"Home Delivery" 1943

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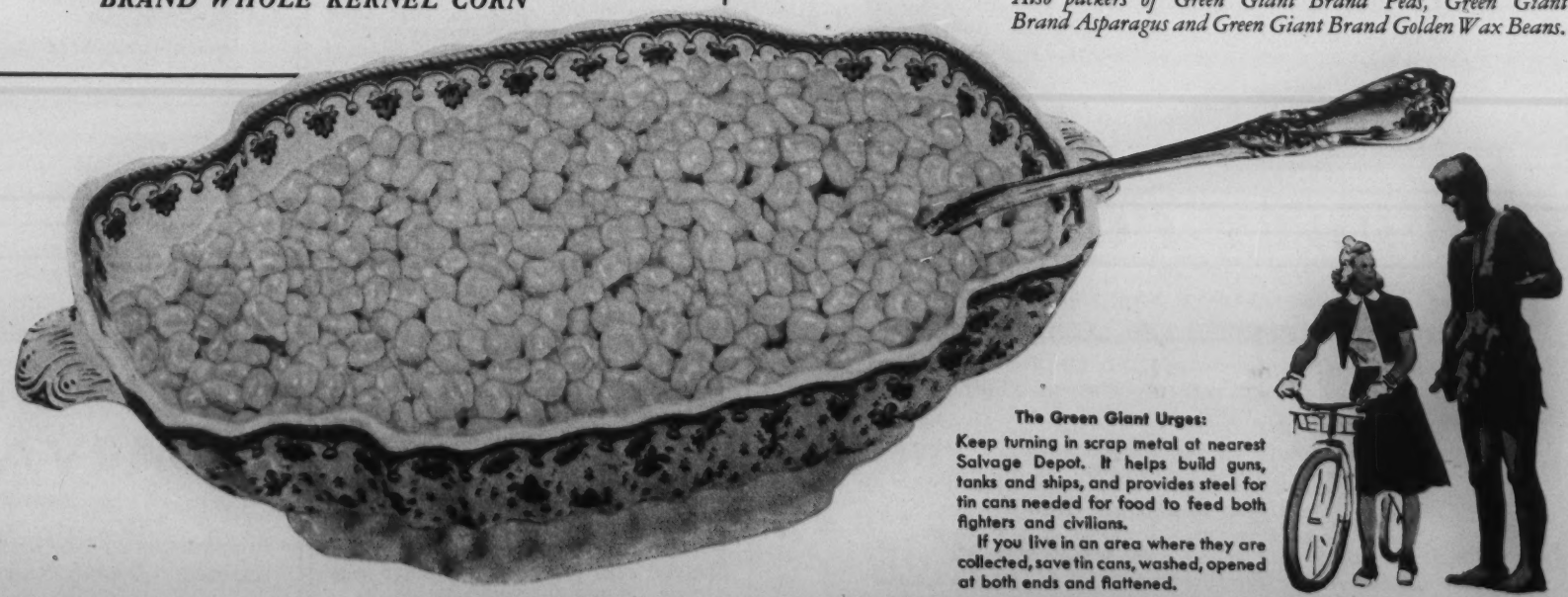

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# THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

**All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto**

## Leading Folk to Sanity

ON BEING A REAL PERSON, by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. (Musson, $2.50.)

TO EXPLORE the spirit of a man, not yourself, is like sailing in a dense fog. But many who have attempted it as a life-work have found temporary anchorage in many strange and interesting foreign ports. William James and Dewey, Freud and Jung, to say nothing of minor psychologists have seen much in their travels. Francis of Assisi, John Bunyan and Paul of Tarsus, following in the steps of their Master, also explored the murk to some purpose. In this book Dr. Fosdick has gathered together what is dimly known and what is suspected about the strange country of the soul and it surely makes interesting reading.

Dr. Fosdick is more than the Minister of the famous Riverside Church in New York. He has become a consultant sought out by all kinds of people in real and imaginary trouble. In the early days of this form of service he became aware of his own inadequacy and plunged into a study of practical psychology. Then he formed a working alliance with an eminent psychiatrist and so armed opened his study-door to all comers.

He speaks of the people who want to justify themselves, the builders of "alibis," the egocentrics who blame everything but themselves. He tells of the varieties of anxiety and fear, of the mischievous, distorted conscience, of the mastery of depression and emphasizes the power of faith. And while counsel and advice often fail to effect improvement in the ill-balanced personality, the reasons for the failure are interesting. It's a good book, an assemblage of common-sense on a most difficult subject.

## Cape Cod Summer

JOURNAL FOR JOSEPHINE, by Robert Nathan. (Ryerson, $2.25.)

FROM a literary point of view this is a time of blood and thunder; something different brings refreshment. Mr. Nathan, when operating in high gear, produces essays, poems and fairy tales, with a pleasantly satirical bite. All last summer he was in low-gear, when he was not "idling," or even stopped, for he lives between May and October on Cape Cod just admiring sea and sky.

Naturally he refused to write anything but the first three lines of a sonnet and a few paragraphs in his diary. Being distinctly a person, and one with laughter in his soul, the diary looked interesting when he got back to town and here it is. The point of its interest is the contrast between peace on the shore and red war on the sea. The sound of gunfire makes the fog shudder, for submarines are about. Shipwrecked survivors come ashore from time to time. Coast-guards patrol the strand. Mr. Nathan is a volunteer skywatcher and "Josephine" conducts a class in First Aid to be ready for the emergency which, thank God, never comes.

Meanwhile the garden is to be tended, the housework is to be done and small Frances, chewing with her mouth open, in a rather insulting way, is taking Piglet up to her room in order to have a thing to swear at.

Naturally there are epigrams in this book. The author, in meditation, decides that there are always enough people at a fire, and opines that the average Puritan being a fierce individualist was at once a preacher and a bootlegger. But surely he departs from originality when he says that Frances "is brown as a berry." Ten thousand people use that phrase; only a few have wondered what kind of berry is brown. A pleasant book with the smell of the sea-shore on it!

## Of Famous Jews

MEMOIRS OF MY PEOPLE, Through a Thousand Years, Edited by Leo W. Schwarz. (Oxford, $4.50.)

AN ANTHOLOGY of what notable Jews have written about their experiences, their thoughts and their ideals is a novelty, especially at this time when anti-Semitism rises like a tempest. The Editor has chosen fifty-eight men and women of distinction ranging from the early Spanish and Italian worthies to men of the modern American scene. Some of the sketches are bright with humor and almost all are interesting.

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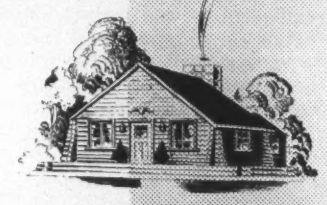
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# THE BOOKSHELF

## Flight to the Country

FRIENDSHIP, by Harry Symons. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

THE passion of everyone to put on his hat "and go to some place where he isn't at" is probably commendable. It explains empires, for one thing. But there is a certain contradictoriness about the impulse. Men come out of a wilderness and build a city wherein all the old inconveniences are abolished. Running water, plumbing and sewers replace the distant spring and the long journey in wet grass. Elevators ease the leg muscles. And as soon as all conveniences are in smooth operation the owners get sentimental about the wilderness and go back in droves.

But many of them try to take the conveniences with them. They want the best of both worlds and it's an expensive taste. The author of this book wasn't so clamorous for comfort. He wanted the country, however tough it might be, so long as he could breathe clean air, walk in woods and meadows and look a long way in any direction without seeing a house other than his own.

The man who hasn't felt that way many times is pretty unusual. But Mr. Symons did something about it while most of us don't. First, he took his family to board on a farm during the summer months. Then he rented an abandoned house for a few years. Then he bought a fifty-acre spot, not to farm, but to live on. He does his farming in a financial institution in town, but he does his joyous living in the fields and writes about the fun of it all.

The book is a series of little tales, about the pony and her colt, about the little family of skunks raised as pets, about tree-planting, about trying to make money out of a potato field, about the daily loveliness of land and sky. Parts of it are a little too lush with adjectives but as a whole it's a good book which will make farmers laugh as well as city folk. Mr. Symons is a betwixt-and betweener open to ridicule—and envy—from both sides; especially as he and Mrs. Symons have seven children; all of whom are in luck.

## A Poem in Prose

THE VOICE OF THE TRUMPET, by Robert Henriques. (Oxford, $2.35.)

A COMMANDO raid on a Norwegian shore, the main task, the blowing up of an important railway bridge. The commander, Smith, with a sergeant-major and two privates, lies hidden on the hill-side awaiting the preparations for the explosion. In the fierce tension of responsibility his whole thought is of the work in hand. But as the battery-plunger is pressed down enemy fire searches the ridge. In the swift but endless moment between wounding and instantaneous death, Smith says in surprise "Not me, surely not me!" and has a thousand simultaneous recollections, sweet, bitter, and bittersweet.

These recollections and the life-pattern they form are the subject of this most remarkable book which in truth is a long poem in prose form, with occasional lyrics to intensify the feeling. The pre-war period is symbolized as a neighborhood concert patronized by all the "eminents"; the band being conducted by an amateur of talent who has set aside his normal business for the occasion. Smith as a gentleman farmer and gardener is actively interested in the concert, until the choir of trumpets sings a fanfare. It is the call to war and strange duties.

Recollections of the long preparations at Whitehall, of the train-journey, and the sea-journey are recalled with humor and intensity of observation. The thoughts and feelings of the musketeers beside Smith on the hill are caught by intuition, and throughout, the text flashes with jewels of speech and graces of imagination.

It's a noble book, perhaps not for the groundlings, but one to be cherished for its pity and beauty by lovers of the English tongue.

## Things Various

ARE EMPIRES DOOMED, by Lionel Gelber. (Ryerson, 40c. Contemporary Affairs Pamphlet.)

IN THE blind years which ended in 1939 Imperialism in the minds of all radical and even whiggish minds was the very Devil. Great Britain, they thought, ought to apologize because the Union Jack was flying all around the world, and the United States was reproached with dominance in the Philippines and elsewhere. Indeed the clamor rose so high that in appeasement the very term British Empire was replaced by "Commonwealth of Nations." Mr. Gelber properly argues that Great Britain and the United States in co-operation can keep the peace of the world. The pamphlet is a valuable expansion of Mr. Churchill's statement that he was not in office to preside over the break-up of the British Empire.

THE LIFE OF NELSON, by Alfred Thayer Mahan. (McClelland & Stewart, $6.75.)

FORTY-SIX years ago an American Naval officer, Captain Mahan, wrote this book as a supplement to *The Influence of Sea-Power on History*. Both books were accepted alike by technicians and critics as of the highest order. It is fitting that in the midst of war a new edition should be issued. It is true that sea-power has been made less dominant by the invention of the air-plane, but naval officers are flying now as well as sailing and the combination is formidable to an enemy.

LIFE IN UNOCCUPIED FRANCE, by Neville Lytton. (Macmillans, $1.65.)

EVER since the war of 1914-18 the author of this series of collected newspaper articles has lived in France as a working artist. His wife is French and he himself is a man of double patriotism. Since he continued living in Southern France until well on in 1941 his observations on the mental state of the French people, bullied and starved either by Germans or by Vichy traitors, should be reliable.

## Three Weeks Adrift

SEVEN CAME THROUGH, by Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.)

FOR twenty-one days Captain Rickenbacker and seven other men of a transport plane, which overshot its mark and crashed in the Pacific ocean, drifted in three rubber rafts, thirsty, starving, and blistered by a tropical sun. One died. The rest were rescued. This is the story of their sufferings, ably told and compelling. There is a foreword by W. L. White, author of *They Were Expendable* which contains these sentences: "Here adrift on the Pacific is a powerful leader of men, fighting despair with flaming bitterness, never relenting, never compromising. And not always with tact, for there was hardly time for that. If this story lacks anything it is cannibalism, and, had it been longer, it might have had even that, for in another week I think his raft colleagues would, with relish, have eaten Eddie."

The story is similar to *The Raft* by Robert Trumbull, recording the experiences of Harold Dixon, Gene Aldrich and Tony Pastula who drifted for thirty-four days.

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# WORLD OF WOMEN

## Who Is Rita?

BY MARY EWART JUKES

WHO is Rita?

Rita is one of the thirty odd youngsters recruited by the W.P.T.B. to do messenger service in Ottawa.

When Rita came to the Consumer Branch last year she was just another office girl. We hoped fervently she had enough cerebrum for the job but doubt born of experience made us cynical. Rita's inability to speak "much" English cast more gloom.

In appearance she was undersize; she was 15 and looked 12; she was pale and vaguely troubled one with thoughts of child labor, quarts of milk, orange juice and going to bed at 8:30 every time she hove long side.

Respect for Rita began to take roots over messages. The most complicated of them were never bungled; if she couldn't speak much English she could certainly understand it. She always did things in record time; she was always "there" when needed; always willing, always calm in the face of the numerous demands made on her.

Fame followed on the heels of respect. We discovered Rita was one of a family of 19 children. The eldest was 30 and the youngest 2. "Same mother, Rita?" we asked, incredulous. "Yes, same mudder." There had been 24—(mon Dieu!). The present family consists of mama, papa, 9 frères and 9 soeurs, and Rita of course. Of the nine brothers 8 are in the armed forces, the 9th isn't yet, he's only 2. Un bébé. The boys are all "grand" and the girls all "petite".

Our awareness of Rita, as a staff, was gradual. First of all there was respect of her handling of messages; then her fame as a jeune fille with 8 brothers in the armed forces. Then one day Rita made us all sit up after she had had her foot injured in the door of a streetcar. The foot swelled that night, badly. Did Rita stay home? No, she came in in twenty below weather in a bedroom slipper. "How is your foot, Rita?" "Fine t'anks." Her manner and way of speaking is firm and conclusive, with a minimum of words, always. We shot her off to the hospital. They told us she might have to stay the night—x-rays, so we sent another office girl along with her to "see to things".

### Unconscious Laurels

We didn't expect to see Rita again for at least two days. She turned up the next morning at 9 still in the bedroom slipper. Her hospital companion didn't come in though, she was hors de combat, instead.

Unconsciously Rita added to her laurels. It was over the streetcar tie up, one of the worst Ottawa ever experienced. The weather dropped to 30 below; there were no streetcars for several days; disgruntled civil servants straggled in around 10 o'clock, cold and depressed. Not Rita. She got up at 6:30 in order to walk to work (two miles) and be there at 9 to "see to t'ings".

There is pride, independence and shyness in Rita's spirit which is beautiful to behold. Her pluck, happiness and faithfulness to duty shame the truculent, the lazy, the complaining and the drummers-up of both self-pity and sweetness and light.

### "Nope, T'ank You"

Rita is unconsciously proud. If you offer her a reward in "money" or "eats" or "drinks", for an accumulation of personal messages she has run for you, her answer is short, firm and unvarying, "Nope, t'ank you." She has absolutely no guile.

When our thoughts run to spring tonics, and vitamins because we feel over-worked, tired or depressed, we remember with awe that Rita is anemic and diabetic. Rita works from 9 to 5.30 with an hour for lunch; Rita goes to night school three nights a week to learn typing and shorthand. In her *spare* time she sings, plays the piano and tap dances.

Could it be arranged that Rita be taken internally as a spring tonic?

One day we were unable to restrain our admiration of Rita's pluck. "What's dat?" Rita shot back solemnly.

"Pluck? Why that's—where's the dictionary. Pl—plu—here it is, pluck is spirit, Rita."

"What's spirit?"

"Spirit? Well spirit is courage—"

"What's dat?" Page a *French* dictionary.

Rita now has us wondering about her mother. During the issuing of Ration Book No. 2 Rita brought 12 books into the office. Every card was perfectly filled out and every book in order, which is more than can be said for one of the executives of the Branch, who didn't write *hers* in BLOCK LETTERS and forgot to get half of them signed, the dumb-bell.

### Shepherdess

Rita feels responsible for the whole Consumer Branch. When the officer in charge of staff is away Rita checks up on all absentees, making out a type-written report; she also keeps a weather eye batted for anyone who might be swinging the lead.

In spite of the fact that Rita is admired and respected by the 48 members of the Consumer Branch, she remains unspoiled and completely unconscious of the affection and envy she excites.

Rita has a future. What it is no one knows. Let us suppose some benefactor lifts Rita from her present environment in order to give her a "better chance". Our betting is that Rita would wither like a picked wild flower. We suspect that Rita derives much of her energy and happiness from the role she plays as an integral part of a family of 21. Vive le Quebec.

Seriously could Rita be taken internally this spring? We are so very very tired and anemic ourselves.

**SUE:** Don't make me feel worse than I do now! Goodness knows, I'm trying not to lag. But long hours, irregular sleep and haphazard eating seem to be giving me my troubles. Constipation is no fun!

**JANE:** Why not take a tip from me? Try getting at the *cause* of your trouble. If it's the common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk"- forming material in your diet, eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly. You'll feel like a new woman!

**SUE:** You mean eat ALL-BRAN instead of taking laxatives and getting only temporary relief?

**JANE:** Exactly. Try it and you'll agree it's a "better way"—a delicious cereal that gives breakfast a real lift! But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like harsh purgatives. It takes time. Be sure to eat ALL-BRAN every day, drink plenty of water, and see if it isn't just what you've needed.

**NUTRITIVE, ALSO**—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is more than a source of needed "bulk"-forming material. It contains valuable carbohydrates, proteins and minerals. Eat ALL-BRAN daily—either as a cereal or in delicious hot muffins.

Keep Regular NATURALLY with...
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
FLAVORED WITH MALT, SUGAR AND SALT
for Constip...
Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient-size packages. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

*"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"*

**Cherry red brushed raffia edges uptilted "swing" brim of a white baghera hat. Dark blue mantilla veil.**


*Victory will bring them back...*

● Remember those melt-in-your-mouth Peek Frean Biscuits and the crisp, crunchy Vita-Wee Crispbread you used to get? They'll be in the stores again, fresh from victorious Britain, as soon as the war is won.

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To Make One's Self Conspicuous

McCORMICK'S JERSEY CREAM SODAS
ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE

**McCORMICK'S**
**JERSEY CREAM SODAS**

# WORLD OF WOMEN

## Wartime Dressmaker Magic

BY BERNICE COFFEY

TO MOST women, except the very clothes-wise or the very thrifty, the word "made-over" has had a dreary, pinch-penny ring that was enough to frighten them out of their wits and into the nearest dress shop.

A skittish attitude toward made-over clothes may well be a hang-over from childhood — especially among those who grew up in the uneasy sartorial position of being very junior members of a steps-and-stairs family. But now status of the entire civil population of Canada is that of junior member for the armed services have first call on goods and services. The rest of us get what is left.

It's remarkable that there is anything left when it is remembered that the average civilian uses 9 pounds of wool annually, but when Mr. Average becomes Private Average it requires 106 pounds of wool to outfit him with uniform, blankets and so on, in his first year as a soldier.

### Hidden Treasure

All of which obviously means a thinner spread of things to buy, and that some will have to go without if others insist on more than their share. Fortunately there is a backlog of clothing in almost every closet, and it is from this that the Government hopes women will take up the slack by making over old clothes instead of buying new ones. The lass who knows the difference between basting a dress and basting a roast is going to be the queen bee of future fashions.

The other day we watched the Re-Make Revue staged in Toronto by the Consumer Branch of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board under the direction of Mrs. H. M. Aitkin, the recently appointed Supervisor of Conservation. The Revue and Mrs. Aitkin will appear in cities across Canada. Not only is the Revue engagingly spiced with dash and showmanship, but the re-made clothes around which it is built are so ingeniously and attractively styled by the various co-operating pattern companies they could stand on their own merits as new clothes in the pre-conservation sense of the word.

The show is very practical. The clothes were actually remodelled from unused or out-of-date clothing of the type nearly every woman has hanging in her closet. Old evening dresses that turned out for many a gala evening are called back into second blooming as dresses that will serve for many daytime occasions and informal evenings. Men's shirts that have been retired because of signs of wear at collars and cuffs are rejuvenated as little frocks for a four-year-old child, or a blouse for the child's other parent. A woman's topcoat, circa 1933, is whipped into the shape of current styles or cut down to Junior's size. The skirt of a dress that has "gone" under the arms is used with the skirt of another dress similarly outworn — both are combined to produce a good-looking two-toned new frock. A too-small wine colored flannel bathrobe yields enough sound material for another dress when teamed up with a man's wine-checked flannel outing shirt.

**Wide bell sleeves made of rows of ruffled white lace lend an appealingly feminine note to a simple black crepe dress of classic simplicity.**

The male population may have a few bad moments when it learns that men's clothes are the basis of many a re-make. These, ranging all the way from pin-stripe business suits to Tuxedos and dinner suits, are turned into very smart suits for the better half. We heard one woman bitterly condemning herself for having sold her husband's worn out dinner suit down the river for a pittance of one dollar. Another recounted her efforts to convince her husband that her need was greater than his for a grey tweed suit that happens to be his as well as her favorite. At last report he's still holding out on the ground that he would have to replace it with another suit with cuffless trousers. Obviously, it's every man for himself.

Every woman attending the Revue receives a booklet showing Before as well as After photographs of the clothes modelled in the show. Not only does this give all the details about each garment and how it was remodelled, but it also tells the name and number of the pattern used. The book is an exceedingly good idea, for it puts a practical instrument into the hands of the woman who leaves fired with zeal to get busy with sewing machine and scissors.

The feminine cry—as old as the race—of "I haven't a thing to wear!" is on its way to becoming illegitimate as long as anything that isn't in shreds and tatters is hanging from closet clothes-pegs.

**Sir Galahad's manner of wearing the hair is borrowed by this Elizabeth Arden coiffure for modern woman.**

HELLO THERE... I'M THE NEW CANTEEN HOSTESS... MARY SMART...
AH! A CAMPANA GIRL! I CAN TELL THAT BY HER SOFT, SMOOTH HANDS!
Campana's Balm
IMPROVED
...Men love to be charmed. Many a romance starts with the touch of a soft, sweet, responsive hand. And now that a girl's hands are deep in wartime work they need more than ever, the softening, protecting care of Campana's Balm. Use it where you work as well as at home.
Two kinds: "Original" Campana for extra dry, extra sensitive skin. "Improved" Campana for less dry, less sensitive skin. Both kinds, 35c.
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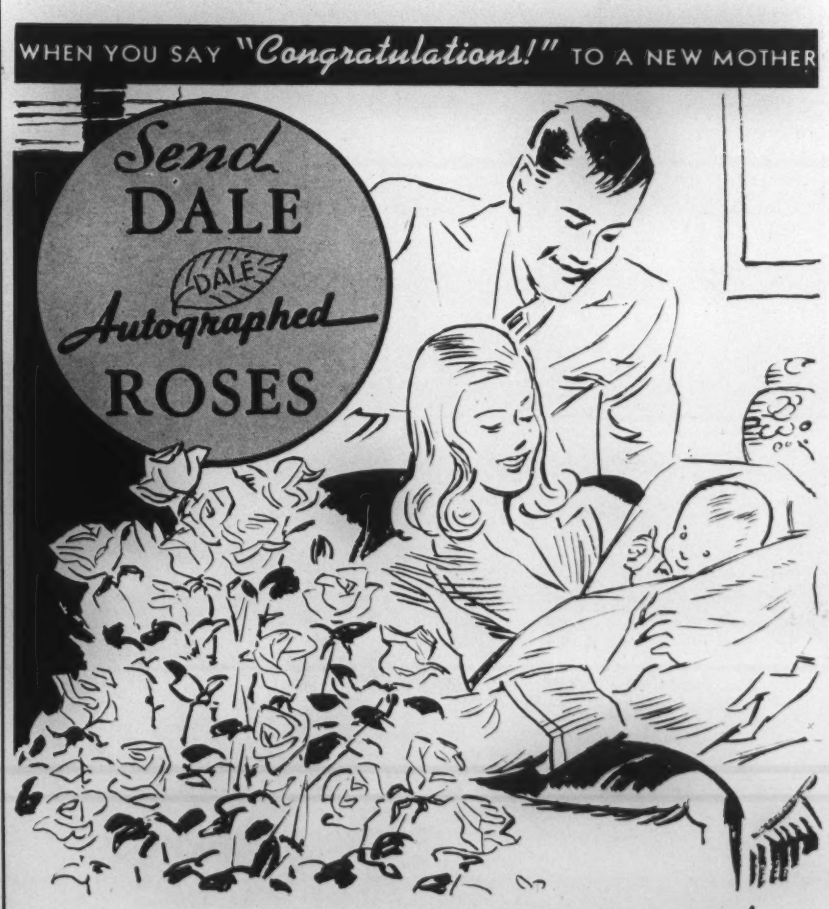


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Miss Barbara Hogg, member of the Red Cross crew in charge of the Vancouver A.R.P.'s new mobile canteen, looks over the tea mugs before a practice run. Equipped to serve 1,600 cups of tea an hour, the mobile canteen was presented to the A.R.P. by "Wings for Britain". Six more, all similar to the hundreds of tea cars in action during the great blitz raids on Britain, soon will be donated to other Canadian A.R.P. organizations.

# FEMININE OUTLOOK

## They Fought to Vote

BY JOAN LITTLEFIELD

MAUDE ROYDEN remembers the days when women couldn't hire a hall for public meetings unless it wasn't wanted by anyone else, and suffragists had to walk in the gutter with sandwich-boards around their necks in order to advertise their meetings, or kneel on the paving stones and chalk their announcements on the sidewalks—a backbending job which is now illegal.

Dr. Royden, the first woman in England to be a pastor of a church, has been actively interested in furthering women's rights since 1908, when she joined the National Union Women's Suffrage Societies.

I visited her at her charming country house in Kent a few days before the anniversary, February 6, of the first quarter century of women's suffrage in Britain.

### The Militant Pioneers

"I never was a militant suffragette," she said, "but I have the greatest admiration for those women who suffered so much in the cause. I believed, and still believe, that we should have got the vote by methods of reason, since women in other countries did so, and I will never believe Englishmen are less open to reason than other men. Nevertheless I salute the heroic fight and indomitable courage of the militant pioneers.

"My most unpleasant experience was when I had to get a petition signed by the men voters. It was necessary to approach them when leaving the polling-booth. I am glad I had that bit of experience, however, detestable as it was in some cases, since I know now what it feels like to be a beggar.

"On one occasion when I was addressing a crowd from a wagonette, some mischievous men took out the horse and dragged the wagonette round and round the market place while I was still speaking.

"Those who fought for the vote are perhaps the only ones who quite realize the enormous change it made, not in one act of Parliament or another, but in women's whole status as citizens. Before enfranchisement every seat occupied by a woman at a political meeting was an empty seat from the point of view of the organizers, since women were unable to vote.

"The first post-enfranchisement election in which I took active part was in the Aberavon Division of South Wales, where I helped Ramsay MacDonald. It was found that women could not attend in the evenings, so special afternoon meetings were arranged for them. One meeting in the largest movie theatre in Port Talbot was crammed. Before MacDonald and I went to the platform, Minnie Pallister, MacDonald's agent, went forward and said, 'This meeting has been arranged primarily to meet the convenience of the women voters. Perhaps this is not entirely clear, since I see more than three hundred men present. As women are waiting outside, I will ask the gentlemen to be so kind as to vacate their seats and let the women in.' They did.

### "Now I Have Lived"

"I said to MacDonald, 'Now I feel that I have not lived in vain.' All the same I was somewhat disappointed, because at the end of the last war most of the older women were too much occupied, saying they could do everything the men could. Kathleen Courtney, now in the United States, called these women 'me-too women.' This attitude lost the interest of the younger generation, who have not known what it was to live without political rights.

"Among the measures the pioneers brought about were an act of Parliament legalizing the adoption of children, the Legitimacy Act whereby parents of an illegitimate child could make the child legitimate if they married, the Age of Marriage Act raising the age for girls from twelve to sixteen, and an act raising the status of married women.

"I think after this war women will approach their problems from a more imaginative angle and be more constructive. They have astounded the world with their prowess. I marvel particularly at the girls who man the balloon barrage and work the searchlights and ack-ack guns. But this work makes them realize that men's muscles are stronger than theirs and that there are some things men can do better. But men are realizing there are some things women can do that they can't, for example having babies. There is a surprising number of modern girls doing men's work who want homes and families, only they must insist that the status of domestic work be raised. I want modern science to be applied to the business of qualifying women to do their job as happily as possible.

### Common Purpose

"Given ideal conditions, each woman should have four children and still be allowed time for other things in life. A woman who can handle her husband and rear her children knows more about human nature than most men. Such women would make ideal Members of Parliament where we do not want experts, but people who understand human nature.

"The leaders of the Indian women's movements are brilliant; the leaders of American women are constructive and statesmanlike and have been fine women suffragists here. I am deeply impressed with the number of common aspirations and common ideas existing between us. If we are to make our contribution to the future, I believe it must be by American and British women working together. I sometimes think it is easier for them to do so than for the men. We have so much in common as women and as western women, and the memories of wars and political quarrels between our two countries mean less to us than to the men—less, certainly, than all that women have in common."

Softest and most feminine of fashions is the use of light fur next to the face. Not only does the fur soften the outline of the features, but it brings out all the best in the complexion tones of the wearer. Here it is on a loose-fitting top coat of lynx dyed fox. The coat is beige camel-hair with soft front fullness and deep slashed pockets.

Live, Lady, Live!

..and look as if you loved to be alive

Eager, alert, real . . working, playing, planning . . with a head and a heart that respond to the excitement of living by offering loveliness to a world unlovely for the moment.

The days bulge with things to do but are so sparing of hours to do them in. Yet there's time — budgeted time — to keep yourself lovely.

So . . down to essentials! For your skin, *one all-in-all cream!* Versatile Vita-Ray Cream.

Vita-Ray Cream was formulated to do the work of several *special* creams. It's a cleanser, it's a night cream, it's a conditioner for make-up *all-in-one!*

Compare it with the special creams you've used for each purpose. See how expertly it cleanses, how it softens and supples up your skin, how beautifully it blends your make-up in.

And you'll soon discover something more —that the daily gentle working-in of Vita-Ray is dynamic in the way it seems to wake your skin up, make it *look and feel alive!*

Remember, skin is a *living* thing. Make yours *look* alive. See what Vita-Ray Cream can do.

ALL-IN-ONE!

— MADE IN CANADA —

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2. a softening night cream
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VITA-RAY CREAM

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Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

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PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

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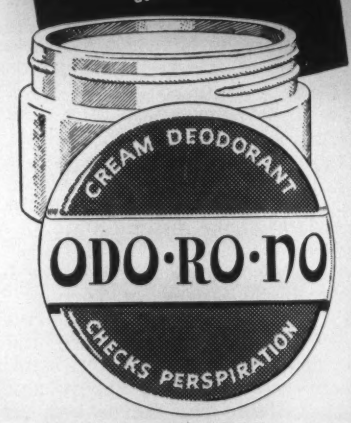


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The Cream used by famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan

# FEMININE OUTLOOK

Symbolic of a new point of view is this white lacy straw worn perched over one eye. Grape-green ribbon intertwines the double brim from which the wine-giving fruit emerges.

An ensemble of lime yellow and bright green jersey. The hat is a combination bonnet turban and stocking cap. The gloves — one of lime and one of green — tie up with the hat.

## Lilies for the Altar

BY DEES HOMER

IT WAS around ten o'clock on Saturday morning that Sister Margaret Agnes and Sister Dolores appeared at the convent door. Each had a basket on her arm, paused briefly on the threshold, and then proceeded slowly down a lane that opened upon the main highway.

It was a cool morning and the sun was high and remote in the heavens, so high and remote that the lane seemed to be shrouded in an elusive golden mistiness through which a gentle breeze strayed now and again. Sister Dolores had an impulse to throw back her wimple and let the breeze lift her short locks.

### Sense of Blessedness

But she didn't. She smoothed down her sombre skirts, letting her fingers run over the folds, feeling the good thickness of them, feeling the round hardness of her beads. It was a comforting feeling and gave her a sense of stability, of warmth and blessedness.

She glanced at Sister Margaret Agnes, who was very much older than Sister Dolores, and who had a flat, pink face with very few wrinkles. That was remarkable considering how old she was. And she had pale eyes that seemed even paler behind thick-lensed glasses. Sister Margaret Agnes gazed placidly from these eyes at everything, and if ever turmoil or sorrow or passion was aroused within her, nobody ever knew. Even now she regarded mildly the restless movements of the girl's hands. She thought, "She'll soon get used to it. She'll soon become calm and serene and stoical."

Even though it was ten o'clock the leaves and branches of the trees were still damp with dew, so that they glimmered palely in the morning light. Purple violets couched in clumps of moss—moist, thick and lustrous. Through layers of dead, mildewed leaves slender dogwood violets poked their yellow heads, and tiny fragile hepaticas clung to a rotted stump. The lane was a dell laden with the faint sweet fragrance of many flowers, dim and fairy-like, where the sun splintered through in golden fragments. It did not seem possible that at its feet, only a few yards away stretched the main highway where speeding cars, trams, trucks and busses raced all day long to and from the city.

When the two nuns, the old one and the very much younger one, came out into the brighter light and met the noise and rush of many people, they seemed to trail with them the breath of cloistered aisles and shadowed walks.

### The Market-Place

They took a bus into the city, and made their way to the market-place where, every Saturday morning, they purchased tall ivory lilies to place on the altar of the church. And every Sunday the lilies stood, tall and smoothly white, in the glimmer of candle-light.

This morning the market was crowded. Everybody—young girls and old men, poor women with shawls and elderly women with ridiculous hats, and young men with bared heads and children with dirty faces—all were buying flowers. And opposite the flower stalls were the vegetable stalls, where matronly women and young housewives bought cabbages and carrots and turnips, and anxiously felt heads of lettuce to make sure they were firm.

### Lilies for the Altar

The two nuns glided among the stalls until they came to where the lilies were sold. Sister Margaret Agnes bought a great many lilies this morning and, after she had piled half of them into her own basket, she heaped the rest high into Sister Dolores' arms. Sister Dolores held the flowers lightly and bent her head into their fragrance. Oh, they were beautiful, beautiful! She dug her face down, right into the midst of them, and when she lifted it, she saw the young man with the funny hair and deep blue eyes staring at her.

He thought "How beautiful," and then "What a pity." He continued to stare at her, at the small piquant face above the white lilies. And then suddenly he smiled directly into her eyes, and Sister Dolores' mouth dropped open and then shut again.

### Young Man

She could hear the click of coins as Sister Margaret Agnes paid the flower-woman. She could hear her coming back to her, could feel the brush of her gown. She gazed at the young man and thought, "Such funny hair, bristly—like a puppy-dog's," and she smiled slowly back.

She knew that Sister Margaret Agnes had seen her. She knew by the steady pressure on her arm, turning her around and piloting her out of the market-place. She heard her voice, quiet, severe, and threatening in its very quietness.

The sun was warmer now, and it beat down upon the black shrouded heads, upon the flowing sleeves, and it shone into the lilies, ivory white in the straw baskets. Sister Margaret Agnes was still talking, quietly and calmly. But Sister Dolores was not listening. She was smoothing down the folds of her sombre skirts, feeling the good thickness of them, feeling the hard roundness of her beads. She was thinking, "Such funny hair—bristly, like a puppy-dog's."

# RATION NEWS

### Butter Coupons .

Butter coupons Nos. 1 and 2 in your new Ration Book are already valid. Butter coupon No. 3 becomes good on March 27th. Expiry date of all three coupons is April 30th. Each of these coupons is good for 8 ozs. of butter.

### No. 1 Ration Book

Consumers are reminded that Sugar, Tea or Coffee coupons in No. 1 Ration Book will not be honored after March 31st, 1943. If you have some of these coupons left, and need these commodities, use them before April 1st.

Ration Book No. 1 should also contain Spare "C" coupons 10 to 26, as well as Spare "B" and Spare "D" coupons. These were put in when books were issued in July, 1942,—in case an emergency should arise—but will not be required.

### Armed Forces on Leave

Ration Cards may be obtained by members of the Armed Forces on leave of 5 days, or longer, providing non-commissioned officers or men produce a leave pass, and officers a letter from their Officer Commanding.

### When Leaving Canada

The Rationing Orders require that when a consumer ceases to reside in Canada he shall send his ration book or card to the nearest Ration Office.

### Get a Canning Guide

If you are going to do canning this season be sure to get a Canning Guide from the Post Office or Ration Administration. After a thorough study of the Guide fill out the "Application for Canning Sugar" in No. 2 Ration Book and send to your Local Ration Board (not to Regional Offices) not later than April 15th.

**Fill in your application as a housewife for all members of your household (on your own card) stating the number of persons for whom you are applying, but not including yourself in this number. The blank cards of each member of your household, bearing only the serial numbers, should then be attached to your card and forwarded to your Local Ration Board before April 15th.**

### Children Under 12 Years

Any child who has not reached the full age of 12 years on March 1st, 1943, is not entitled to Tea and Coffee coupons.

### Final Checkup

Before discarding your old Ration Book compare the prefix and number with that written on your new Ration Book. If they do not correspond as to letters and figures send both books to the nearest Ration Office for correction. As a precautionary measure, we recommend that you save the cover of your old book showing prefix and number which will be yours for the duration.

This column will appear in this newspaper every week to keep you up-to-date on Ration News. Clip and keep for reference.

RATION ADMINISTRATION

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

2


Quality counts most—
the steady growth of 'Salada' sales in Canada over half-a-century, speaks for itself.

Shortages make your present clothes more valuable.

The shortage of woolen material for civilian clothing means that it's up to you to make your present clothes give "longer mileage." You can do that and still look well dressed if you follow these suggestions:

1. Brush your suit lightly after wearing and hang it up immediately.
2. Send your suits to us regularly for dry cleaning. We use that special SANITONE process which eases out harmful soil, perspiration and grit, and restores that soft mill-finish that makes fabric look and feel like new.

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3-piece business suits ..... $1.00
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**Cash and Carry Prices**

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## The Latest Polish Pianist

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

APTITUDE for pianism of a fiery, prodigious order seems characteristic of the Polish race. If on an evening last week any resident of the central district of Toronto heard distant sounds of piano music, they possibly came from Eaton Auditorium, where a new Polish pianist, Witold Malcuzynski, was giving his initial recital in this city. This does not mean that the young man pounded; he did nothing of the kind. He got his colossal tonal effects without breaking a string or disabling a pedal. His large hands seemed to uproot clusters of notes from the keyboard without ever picking up a wrong one or missing the right one. His accuracy was impeccable.

As one listened one thought of other pianists of his race who did the same thing, with the same clarity and precision: the bravura style of Moriz Rosenthal in his younger days, a style he subsequently abandoned; Josef Hofmann cutting loose in the Liszt "Tannhauser" transcription; Ignaz Friedman doing stupendous things with the Chopin Ballade in A flat; Artur Rubinstein beating the orchestra to the finish in Tschaikowsky's B flat minor Concerto. Malcuzynski's pianism is of the same exciting order.

But one found no resemblance to the pianism of Paderewski, of whom he was the last pupil. In fact Paderewski's blood pressure would probably have risen alarmingly had he heard the young man handling the swift delicate passages of the concluding Rondo in Chopin's B flat minor Sonata with a Joe Louis technique. Every man's interpretations are governed by his own aptitudes and temperament, and Paderewski was apt to pick up wrong notes in strenuous passages. What made his playing divine and his name immortal was the enthralling delicacy and poetry with which he could play Schubert's "Hark, hark, the lark" or the Brahms "Lullaby". He could handle major works with the suave fervor of Toscanini conducting an orchestra, but he never tried to be a brass band all by himself.

The brass band method was brilliantly effective in Chopin's grandiose Scherzo in B flat minor, and in the first two movements of the same composer's Sonata in the same key, which depict a soldier's life in camp and battle. But it is gratifying to note that Malcuzynski can when so inclined tone himself down. Thus he was enabled to give a noble and poetic rendering of the Funeral March, and to impart a sentimental beauty to the lyric passages which typify the soldier's thoughts of his beloved.

One of the disappointments of Paderewski's life was that he never won more than casual recognition as a composer. Two early works, "Nocturne" and "Cracovienne Fantastique", revived by his pupil, do not rise much above mediocrity in musical content. It is clear that the basis of Paderewski's fame must always be the tradition of his supreme genius as an interpreter of the works of others.

Malcuzynski's amazing technical mastery, his aggressive attack, as though leading a squadron into battle, was most fully revealed in Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody". But somehow it was almost as exhausting to the listener as it must have been to the pianist.

### American Folk Song

Few concert baritones are endowed with so ingratiating a personality as Lansing Hatfield. Unquestionably his physical fitness and good looks increase the appeal of his singing in such sound, racy folk songs, English and American, as were included in his program at Eaton Auditorium. The death of the American poet Stephen Benét occurred after the program was announced, and it was a happy inspiration to add a lyric from his pen as an extra number,—a vigorous and humorous aria from the opera which Douglas Moore made from "The Devil and Daniel Webster". Moore, a middle-aged musician of high attainments, is a leader in a group of composers who are endeavoring to write music which is not essentially negroid but is yet expressive of the roots of American life and history. Mr. Hatfield, with his bright, flexible intonation, has a gallant style precisely suited to such numbers as the Benét lyric. He sang another song whose words were probably inspired by Benét. This was Jacques Wolfe's "Ballad of John Brown", which is even better than his famous character song "The Glory Road". The rich variety of the American folk-song movement was also exemplified in "The Little Mawhee" (North Carolina Mountain song) and a traditional ditty "The Erie Canal", depicting a phase which was as characteristic of Western Ontario as of New York State.

A natural interpreter of this type American song, Mr. Hatfield is also admirable in jocund English folk songs like "Young Tom o'Devon", an ancient "Vesper Hymn" and "The Jolly Young Waterman". The latter goes back to 1774 and is from a ballad opera by Charles Dibdin, the most prolific creator of rollicking sea songs that England has known.

The lyrics mentioned gave life and color to Mr. Hatfield's programs that many recitals lack. He was at pains also to show his accomplishments in songs of a more artistic order, and following tradition gave a group of German *lieder*. He was admirable in "The Wanderer" and "The Omnipotence" but why sing them in German when they are equally effective in the excellent translations which are available of all Schubert lyrics? His finesse extends to old French court music, as he showed in Lully's "Bois Epais" and "Vive Henri IV". His recital was the more effective because he had happy co-operation from his accompanist, Collins Smith.

# Records

BY KARI ANDERSON

COLUMBIA has recently published a list of single recordings, a goodly selection of instrumental, vocal and choral works. Many are recorded in Europe. The following selection made from the list will give an idea of its variety.

Two of Mozart's famous operas are represented by their overtures. *The Magic Flute* overture is played by a symphony orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter, and is imported (Columbia, C-15187, 12 inch, 2 sides). Everyone speaks of Mozart's charming melodies. His harmonies are quite as subtle. This overture, while it is characteristically eighteenth-century, is essentially timeless.

On Columbia C-15193 (12 inch, 2 sides) is recorded the overture to *Don Giovanni*, played by Sir Henry J. Wood conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. The music is a blending of the characteristic moods of that strange legendary figure Don Juan. From the commanding opening to the tragic close, it is impetuous and sombre, ruthless and sad. Both of these Mozart recordings are recommended.

Also imported is the recording of Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra in a performance of Sibelius's *Festivo*—No. 3 of "Scenes Historiques" (Columbia C-15194, 12 inch, 2 sides). The signature is *Tempo di Bolero*, and the piece is sprightly and rhythmic with precise violin melodies. The conclusion is slower and more stately in tempo. Interesting contrasts and blendings of horns and strings stress the composer's ability as an orchestrator. A satisfactory short.

From Grieg's "Pictures of Folk Life" has been selected the *Norwegian Bridal Procession*, played by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Robert Hood Bowers. This is typically Scandinavian, one of Grieg's most familiar compositions. On the reverse side is *March of the Bojaren* by Halvorsen, another familiar Scandinavian piece (Columbia C-12003, 12 inch).

Anyone who saw the performance of *Porgy and Bess* by the company now on the road, will be glad to have Columbia record C-12013 (12 inch). Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra play *Highlights from Porgy and Bess*, on one side "Summertime" and "I'm On My Way", on the other "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" and "Bess, You is My Woman Now". In spite of the brilliant performance I found myself missing the voices singing. Words in *Porgy and Bess* are important; the fine Gershwin music is matched by an equally fine libretto. *Porgy* was a worth-while play before it became an opera.

From Gershwin to Mozart, from New York to Strasbourg, where was made the imported recording of *Ave Verum*, motet for mixed choir and orchestra, sung by the Strasbourg Cathedral Choir, with orchestra under the direction of the Abbé Alphonse Hoch, magnificent church music magnificently performed. On the reverse is *Adoramus Te Christe*, a motet for mixed choir and organ, by Quirino Gasparini (it is noted that the work is sometimes attributed to Mozart) sung by the same choir, directed by the Abbé Hoch, with organ (Columbia C-15249, 12 inch). These are some of the finest examples of church music I have heard.

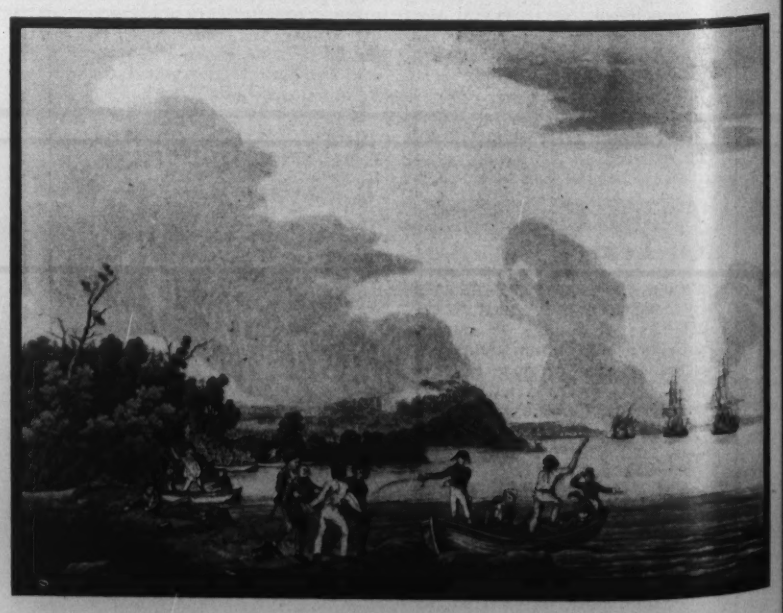
On C-15648, Columbia records Lauritz Melchior singing *O Koenig* from *Tristan and Isolde* with *Rienzi's Prayer* on the other side. Mr. Melchior is accompanied by the Columbia Opera Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. The leading contemporary exponent of Wagner, Mr. Melchior has so long identified himself with that composer's work as to be practically the only tenor ever heard singing Wagner roles and arias. Admirers of Melchior will want this.

# ART AND ARTISTS

## Winchell Price's Show

BY R. S. LAMBERT

ARTISTS, as is well known, pass through distinctive phases of their work, in which they concentrate interest on some special aspect of nature, and study it from all possible angles. Two weeks ago I referred to Emily Carr's remarkable cloud studies, coming after her long preoccupation with forest interiors. By coincidence, another artist, Winchell Price, has been passing through a similar evolution. He has always been interested in the effects of light, particularly in association with trees. But during the past year he has turned away from the woodland, and come out into the open to depict the changing moods of sky and cloud, in sunlight and storm. Like Emily Carr, Price is an artist with a spiritual outlook; he strives to reveal the hidden beauty that lies behind the outward form. A collection of some dozen of his skyscapes—the fruit of the past year's patient workmanship—is now on view at the Laing Fine Art Galleries in Bloor Street. Price takes an open landscape, with meadowland or prairie dotted with birch or poplar copses and single trees, and uses it as foreground for expansive treatment of sky, and cloud under varying weather conditions. In this collection you can find almost every kind of lighting and form of cloud. Here are bars of sunlight streaming earthward from behind a raincloud; a curving double rainbow silhouetted against the dull grey of a departing raincloud; a flash of forked lightning glimpsed in a distant thunderstorm; and summer lightning at night illuminating with an eerie glow the thick foliage of nearby trees. The most striking of all these skyscapes is *Snowsquall-October*, showing a huge snowbearing whirlwind approaching across open country, which is lit up here and there with the last faint spots of autumnal color. A strange balloon-like cloud sails majestically across the middle distance in the track of the approaching storm. In this painting the different atmospheric planes are related, while the composition as a whole has an appealing beauty.



**What is reputed to be one of the finest existing collections of pictorial Canadiana, second only perhaps to the Coverdale Collection at the Manoir Richelieu, will be dispersed next week at Laing's Galleries in Toronto. Collected by the late Walter H. Millen of Ottawa, it consists of manuscripts, water colors, prints, engravings and maps, all relating to the early history of Canada. This rare old color print from the collection shows the Storming of Fort Oswego, on Lake Ontario in 1814.**

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# THE FILM PARADE

## Special Talent

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

DEANNA DURBIN has returned to the screen in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday" and in case you usually approach these pictures entitled The Amazing Somebody or Other with misgiving you had better be warned that your feeling in this case is entirely justified. There's nothing amazing about Miss Durbin in her latest film except her girlish determination to get her own way, come hell or high water, and we're pretty well used to that by this time. Whether the star has made up her mind to find a hundred jobs for a hundred men or merely to place nine orphans of assorted nationalities in the reluctant custody of a deceased Commodore's family, you know she'll darn well get it done, and that everybody will love her for it too before the picture is over.

Since her last picture Deanna has married and has been through a lot of contract trouble besides; but nothing apparently can dampen her young enthusiasm for getting people to do what they don't want to do, for their own good. She's a missionary-teacher in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday", commissioned by her dying uncle to take the nine orphans out of war-torn China. In no time at all Deanna whisks them over to America and into the late Commodore's splendid home, occupied now by a lot of mean relatives and an Arthur Treacher butler, played by Arthur Treacher.

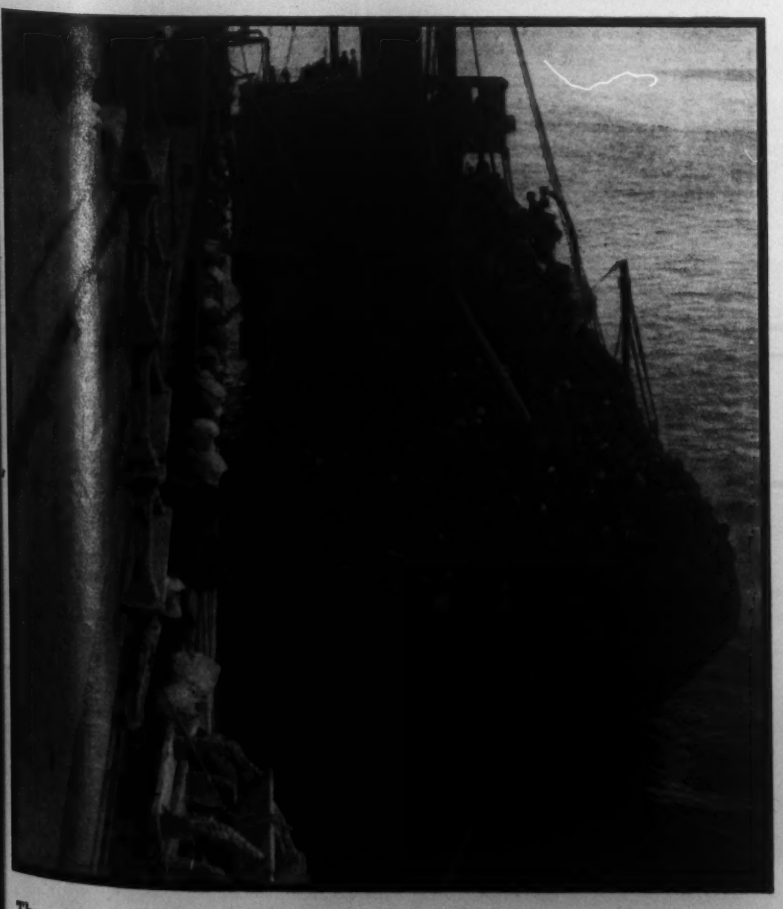
The relatives suspect her story, of course and won't believe for a minute that she's just a disinterested Child Welfare agency trying to get her little charges into a superior home. They think she has an eye to the advantages of being the rich Commodore's widow, and you can hardly blame them. For five minutes after she has trudged upstairs in a man's coat, a skirt with the hem out, a Salvation Army hairdo and a pair of seamen's boots, she is down again, this time in a wonderful coiffure, a Factor makeup and a slinky white evening gown that fits her like the paper on the wall—apparently she just picked it out of the late Commodore's wardrobe. Oh dear.

There are the nine kiddies of course and some of them are very cute. But the way they are made to behave confirms my old suspicion that all Hollywood stories about children are written by beaming bachelors who never got closer to an infant than poking it in its perambulator in the Park. You would never for instance get nine children to listen politely while somebody sang three verses with choruses of "The Old Refrain". One, maybe, if you held it down, but never nine. . . There's a great deal of sentiment and parting and misunderstanding in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday", with solos interspersed, and altogether it's the sort of picture that is supposed to turn audiences wet-eyed and bright-eyed at a moment's notice. I don't believe there are quite as many of these audiences about as producers seem to believe.

Deanna's voice is as pleasing as ever, though naturally it seems less phenomenal in a grown matron than it used to in a junior miss. Her director here appears to have had more than the usual difficulty in spotting her special talent—in one sequence for instance, she wakes up her whole little dormitory, just to sing them a lullaby. The infants seemed delighted however. Apparently that's the sort of treat you come to expect with a cinema diva as a nursemaid.

FRED ASTAIRE is a professional dancer in "You Were Never Lovelier" which takes care of his special talent without putting any strain on the director's ingenuity. The film is another of those interpretations of life in South America which must be so baffling to the Good Neighbors, and there's a deeply complicated plot about a South American Papa (Adolphe Menjou) whose problem is to marry off his three daughters in order of their ages. Only the eldest daughter (Rita Hayworth) won't cooperate because her beautiful head is filled with romantic dreams about a modern Lochinvar, etc. etc.

It might all be pretty bleak if it weren't for Fred Astaire, who is still one of the good things one can never get enough of. In "You Were Never Lovelier" he continues to soar about the room at eye-level, his comedy is as smooth, though not so inventive as his dancing, and his droll charming bony face is still one of the best faces to watch on the screen.



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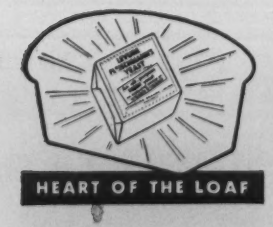


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# CONCERNING FOOD

## Feeding the Multitude

BY JANET MARCH

THE jokes about kitchen fatigues in the Army are just about as old as ones about mothers-in-law. The theme song is that the brave warrior who sets out to win the Victoria Cross with dash and skill lands up in the kitchen with an apron, a paring knife and a large pile of potatoes. The mother-in-law is always made out to be a bossy sort of person who harasses the in-law relative, and sides with the blood relative, causing at least thoughts about the blessedness of breaking the sixth commandment.

### Kitchen Commandos

Well, as we are talking about bromidic jokes we can use a few bromides ourself. Times change you know, but where there's smoke there's fire. No doubt there are mothers-in-law who behave like the ones in the jokes, but there are a good many more who are the comfort and stay of their legal relatives. They look after the children, sit in in the evenings and help with the shopping. They have been known often to move in and take full charge while the young things step off on a holiday. In fact there really should be a rights for mothers-in-law society formed with the motto "Give the woman her due." As for the kitchen fatigue boys, maybe there are some surprised would-be commandos who land up with a skillet, but don't go away with the idea that the army is fed by a band of reluctant and inexperienced cooks.

Army cooks in this military district go to Technical School even as you and I. They have a stiff course where they learn the fundamentals of cookery and how to deal with army rations so things come out even, and if you think keeping the family's ration books is a tricky job, let me tell you the Army boys have their fun too. When the cooks graduate they can turn out meals you would be proud to serve, complete with the right vitamins, proteins and what have you.

Miss Elspeth Middleton, whose fame as a cooking instructor in the Home Economics Department at the Central Technical School, Toronto, is well known, has been in charge of the classes for Army cooks for some time. To help the men practice what they have learned she has, with the collaboration of Miss M. Ransom, Superintendent of the Great Hall at Hart House, and Albert Vierin, Chef of the Georgian Room at Eaton's, turned out a grand cook book with the recipes in it estimated for 100. It is called *The Cook's Recipe Manual for Navy, Army, Air Force, Munitions Plants, Camps and Schools.* (*The Ryerson Press,* $2.00.)

### For Army Pockets

I suppose there are lots of cook books in existence with recipes for large numbers, for the hotel chefs can't just dream up the quantities, but I don't know them. Here, however, is a book which anyone who may be faced with catering and cooking for large numbers will be well advised to have on hand. It is bound with those nice metal rings so that it lies flat when open, and if you think it a slightly unusual shape it is because it is built for the Army pocket. Nowadays with the problem of feeding children at school and with the possibility of community kitchens ahead of us this is a pretty useful book.

Because the Army cook for the most part operates under difficulties, cooking outside and far from the handsome row of electrical appliances most of us own, these recipes call for none of the fancy equipment which graces restaurants and hotels, so this is a fine cook book for camp. In it are many hints which are useful whether you cook for one or a hundred.

For example do you know how to test the heat of your oven without a thermometer? When I cooked on a wood range I used to open the oven door and stick my head in. A rough estimate can be arrived at by the amount of eyelash burned off. This book tells you how to do it with a tablespoon of flour on a pie plate. If you put the plate in the middle of the oven and leave it for five minutes you can tell by the color of the flour. Light brown is 250-325, golden brown is 325-375, dark brown is 375-450.

These days good potatoes are sometimes hard to get, and yet left over potatoes are hard to use up. The Cook's Recipe Manual gives a whole page on using up left-over potatoes with a list of ways for each of baked, browned, boiled and mashed.

The Manual tells us how to time roasts by measuring the diameter in the thickest part and allowing so much time per inch, which is obviously more sensible than allowing so many minutes per pound irrespective of whether it is a flattish or a chunky roast. Rare beef needs 20 minutes an inch, mutton 30 and pork 45. The meat charts are most helpful and they show the approximate weights of the different bits of the animal.

There is a valuable page which tells how to substitute sour for sweet milk, how to use baking powder instead of eggs—this sounds like witchcraft to me—how to substitute dried eggs for fresh, and how to use honey and corn syrup instead of sugar. After years of picking head lettuce clumsily apart I learn that what you do is cut the core right out with a sharp knife and run the cold water tap into the hole and then the leaves come apart quite easily.

If the Army cooks remember their lessons they will turn out meals with lots of variety and flavor. The soup section is quite extensive and the soups are good. Here is one recipe so that you can see how clear and simple the directions are even for large quantity cookery.

### Corn and Tomato Chowder

1 quart of fat
1 pint diced raw onions
1 pint diced raw celery
1 quart unsifted pastry flour
1 gallon milk
1 gallon stock
6 quarts canned tomatoes
8 No. 2 tins of corn
½ cup salt

Melt the fat. Add chopped onion and celery when these are obtainable. Cook ten minutes. Add flour and blend thoroughly. Heat milk and stock, add them gradually to the above mixture stirring constantly. Cook for twenty minutes. Add the salt and cooked vegetables which have been either puréed or put through a meat grinder. Reheat before serving.

**Victory garden print in heartening green, gold and fuchsia colors taken from Spring gardening catalogues.**

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But my best rule, I think, is that first one: Get Chase & Sanborn Coffee. And, remember, quality coffee goes further.

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

# CONCERNING FOOD

## Fish -- Feast for Princes

BY HERMAN SMITH

ONCE when my father had had to go to a neighboring town on the shores of a lake some 20 miles distant from our town, he brought back one of the magnificent whitefish in which the Great Lakes abound. As Stina, queen of my mother's kitchen, surveyed its 13-pound beauty, she declared it was the very thing for Sunday dinner when some visiting ministers were to be our guests. My sisters were doubtful as to whether fish was important enough for this stately occasion, but they reckoned without Stina.

With what, she enquired, but loaves and fishes did our Lord feed the multitude? What was offered Him, on the day of His appearance to His disciples after the Resurrection, but a piece of broiled fish and a honeycomb, of both of which He ate? Wasn't it a haddock from whose mouth St. Peter took the tribute money at Capernaum, and did not the haddock to this day show the marks of Peter's thumb and forefinger on its head? No, she insisted to my overpowered sisters, fish was a dish for princes—of the world or of the church—provided, of course, that it was prepared by a cook who knew its virtues.

And when that whitefish appeared, baked to antique gold, set in a circlet of new potatoes sprinkled with the jade green of chopped fresh dill, and all but bursting with a stuffing of browned bread crumbs, black olives, celery, onions, herbs and nutmeg, it was indeed a noble dish.

### Baked Stuffed Whitefish

1 whitefish (about 4 pounds)
3 cups fresh whole wheat bread crumbs
1 onion, minced
1 cup minced celery
½ cup sliced black olives
⅛ teaspoon thyme
⅛ teaspoon marjoram
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup of hot water

Prepare fish for stuffing. Combine the bread crumbs, onion, celery and seasonings, mix well. Moisten with bouillon water, using only enough to dampen the bread, not to make it soggy. Stuff the fish; sew together. Lay it on an oiled cloth cut slightly larger than the greased pan in which the fish is baked. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 40 minutes or until fish is done (allow 10 minutes per pound). Lift the fish onto the platter and remove the cloth before serving. Approximate yield: 6 servings.

From what was left Stina later prepared what she called a "Chartreuse".

### Fish Chartreuse

2 cups leftover flaked fish
2 cups mashed potatoes
2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
1 tablespoon melted fat
1 small onion, minced
½ cup evaporated milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Mix ingredients in order given. Turn into a well greased mold and steam for ½ hour. Unmold and serve immediately with a tomato sauce made of tomato soup and grated cheese and flavored with nutmeg. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

From the lowly codfish she would evolve a soufflé redolent of the sea and as light as its foam, touched by the red of the setting sun in a spicy sauce becrimsoned with chili sauce.

### Cod Soufflé

2 tablespoons fat
2½ tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup evaporated milk
1 pound salt cod, freshened
4 eggs, separated

Melt shortening and stir in flour to make a smooth paste. Add seasonings. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly, and cook over low heat until thickened. Remove from heat, stir in codfish and cool. Beat egg yolks until light. Fold into cod mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased casserole set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (325°F.) an hour or until firm. Serve with Sunset Sauce. Yield: 8 servings.

### Sunset Sauce

1 cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon grated horseradish
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons catsup or chili sauce

Mix all ingredients and chill in refrigerator until ready to serve.

Fresh mackerel Stina stuffed with gooseberries or oysters or marinated in a tart French dressing before broiling it to perfumed crispness and serving it on a bed of spinach and mashed potatoes, half and half combined.

The haddock sanctified by the touch of Peter's hand, was to be treated with respect. Anointed with oil well blended with a tablespoon each of onion and lemon juice and a pinch of allspice, the fillets were rolled in fine toasted crumbs and fried to pale gold in hot fat. Sometimes Stina baked a whole haddock stuffed with bread crumbs, minced fillets of anchovy and chives, and brought this noble creation to the table accompanied with thinly sliced tomatoes tart with herb vinegar and encrusted with finely chopped basil and chives.

Potatoes, au gratin, hashed brown, baked, julienne, or tiny new potatoes, Stina said, belonged with any fish. So, too, did cucumbers diced and cooked in thin cream sauce, asparagus tips, small hot beets, or tiny broiled tomatoes and hot hard-cooked eggs. Parsley and watercress made the right touch of fresh green, paprika the right dash of color, slices of lemon the right zest. A dish of thinly sliced cucumbers and spring onions in sour cream with a dash of horseradish made any fish dinner a gala one. Fish for company—indeed, and why not?


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4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. salt
4 tbs. shortening
1 egg
½ c. milk
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4 tbs. milk
2 tsp. lemon juice
3 tsp. chopped onion
2 tbs. chopped parsley
2 tbs. chopped green pepper
1 tsp. dry mustard
Salt, pepper, paprika

Sift together first 3 ingredients. Cut in shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup; add milk to make ¾ cup; add to first mixture. Roll out ¼ inch thick, on floured board. Chop hard boiled eggs, mix with remaining ingredients, spread on dough. Roll up like jelly roll and bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 minutes. Serve with cheese sauce.

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# DRESSING TABLE

Rows and rows of crisp white organdy ruffles trim a pert blue sailor.

Alexis Smith chooses a broad-brimmed sailor with pleated white trim.

## The Luxury of Worry

BY ISABEL MORGAN

SOMEONE has remarked that worry is the interest paid by those who borrow trouble. With some of the more accomplished worriers the rate of interest paid is so exorbitant it approaches usury. Worry is a luxury that few can afford, but if Mr. Ilsley were to include it among other so-called taxable luxuries such as cigarette smoking, elbow bending, or the privilege of seeing Hedy Lamarr emote on the screen, we have no doubt but that there would be enough income to run the war, and perhaps wipe out all other taxes, too.

Not only does worry put creases between the eyes but it has a generally warping effect on the personality. The woman who has worry as her constant companion sees life imperfectly as through a pair of glasses with distorted lenses. The enjoyment of the simplest things or moments of life is marred for this gloomy damsel by obstacles her nervously spoil-sport imagination places on the road she is to travel.

"Nothing in the affairs of men is worthy of great anxiety," says Plato. Few of us are able to assume the philosopher's lofty detached viewpoint of the things that touch our own lives as well as those we love. However, it is possible to discipline an imagination that, like the horseman, rides off in all directions.

A warily respectful regard for the future is a quality of intelligence that is most essential for the survival of the human race as well as the individual. But worry in the form of actual fear or dread of the future is something else again. The law of averages is on our side for it is seldom that worries actually materialize into actual happenings. It might be a salutary idea to make a list of one's pet worries, and then check off those that have been justified. It is fairly certain to prove that most of them were mirages.

But supposing a worry stubbornly refuses to be untamed? Then walk up to it and look it in the face instead of trying to avoid it. One will get you five that the thing will shrink in stature until it is scarcely recognizable as the sizeable bugaboo it used to be.

An improvement in physical condition has a surprising way of wiping non-essential worries off the slate. Perhaps the rose-colored glasses we hear about are only another name for physical vitality. A lack of vitamin B is said to be the cause of some nervousness and apprehension.

A mode of life that is not equally balanced in its proportions of work, recreation, mental development, and thought for others, is fertile ground for great and small worries. A well-rounded active life leaves little room for needless fears.

Have one or more hobbies—preferably the sort that keep the hands and the mind absorbed. Don't count knitting or needlepoint as an absorbing hobby. These quickly become automatic, keeping the hands busy but permitting the mind to escape to other things.

Worry is a habit and, like other deeply ingrained habits, requires a great deal of resourcefulness and determination to be vanquished.

### Eyes Right!

March winds and April showers are very likely to be hard on eye make-up. You may apply your mascara ever so skillfully, knowing that mascara looks loveliest when it is placed on the upper lashes only (except for evening wear when a tiny bit on the lower lashes is in order.) You probably know enough to use a clean, dry brush, tilting it sideways so that the mascara is brushed along the lashes from the lid to the very tip. You may even use an eyelash comb to separate the lashes, remove powder grains and bits of dust, and to smooth your eyebrows.

Helena Rubinstein's Waterproof Mascara was introduced by the swimming beauties of Billy Rose's Aquacade, and was tested, tried and worn during all the years of fancy diving and underwater swimming at the World's Fair. This mascara has a creamy texture that gives the eyelashes a sleek, natural look.

### Windmill Tilting

It is doubtful if the Episcopal Bishop of Albany could have imagined in his wildest nightmares the position in which he would find himself as a result of his Lenten statement that "painted lips and tinted fingertips are not necessarily war morale builders." He must have been as surprised as anyone when Hollywood promptly threw its hat in the ring along with the suggestion that it would be as logical for girls to stop using cosmetics as for men to throw away their razors and let their beards grow up to the status of foliage.

The reverend gentleman is reported to have risen to the challenge and declare, "I am willing to stop shaving if they are willing to give up cosmetics. You can say that's a bargain." Of course he must have been well aware of the fact that there was small chance that his morning shave would become a thing of the past. Still he deserves credit for having made a gallant, though futile, gesture.

His statement that cosmetics "are not necessarily war morale builders" is correct if one is willing to overlook the fact that the British Government has reluctantly been forced to come to the conclusion that they are.

A versatile dress for those first Spring days when there is still a bit of a chill in the air. The beige wool is threaded with a blue pin stripe and the fitted jacket is touched with a flash of crisp white.

Big, little things

Duty's so pressing these days . . . but the big, little things are more than ever vital — big, little things like the Yardley Lavender that breathes high-spirited youth, and Yardley Beauty Preparations that give a glow of confidence.

Yardley English Lavender—95c to $5.25

Yardley English Lavender Soap —35¢ a large cake—3 for $1.00

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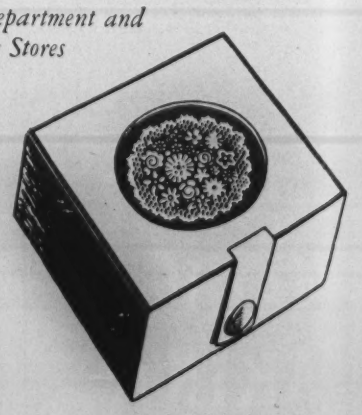


DOROTHY GRAY

683 Fifth Avenue, New York

Toronto—London

THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O'D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

Noisier perhaps, but just as satisfactory for the purpose are clogs like these of wood and leather, now worn by British maintenance troops instead of "gum-boots" of precious rubber. Above: attaching "uppers."

# THE OTHER PAGE

## Skye Terrier

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

AFTER one has passed forty, it is said, his face is his own fault. What a case for damages the man across the aisle could bring against himself! His shaggy grey beard creeps up his cheek-bones. His grey eye-brows are heavy and matted. His small, bright eyes peer at the world from deep caverns. He looks like a Skye terrier. It would be no surprise to hear him bark in a shrill and testy voice.

How many men resemble the familiar animals! A financial man well known in our town looks like a red squirrel, one that sits in the crotch of a tree and chatters. It's not uncommon to find the human counterpart of the cat; one of these urbane, gentle, smiling creatures never so pleasant as when he has devoured some widow's canary. The toughness of an Airedale, the liveliness of a fox terrier, the placidity of a cow can be found in human faces. Even the solemnity of an owl is not wanting.

Speculation on the occupation of the little Skye would be easier in England than in Canada. On this continent rat-catching is not a full-time vocation. Whatever his calling it's a safe guess that he pursues it with insensate energy, punctuated with low growls.

He's not a commercial traveller; that's reasonably sure. Some trace of urbanity is desirable in the man charged with selling on a forty-twenty-ten system of discounts. He may be a manufacturer, although the difficulty of preventing strikes in his factory would be exceptional. Workers get jumpy if the Boss combines extreme watchfulness with a peppery disposition.

He's not a farmer. True, the independent rural elector occasionally displays an in-growing temper, but in general his trend is towards quietude. Besides few farmers wear new grey suits with a hair stripe. They can't afford it. Difficulties crowd in the attempt of an observer to place the Skye. There is no business that he would adorn; at least, none demanding continual dealing with the public. The average customer will not be bullied into buying. He needs coaxing. Most clerks are obsequious. The exceptions are found only in men's furnishings. There salesmen are uplifted by a fearful and blood-curdling pride. They condescend to inform the customer what they themselves wear and what he ought to wear. There is no appeal.

If not in business, is the Skye a professional man? He might be a lawyer, but only in consulting practice. No jury, and only a few judges would tolerate him. Further, he lacks the swelling dome of intellect which distinguishes the few lawyers eminent enough to be testy and brusque. No! Not a lawyer! And not a physician! It's no bedside manner he displays while peering at the world through a tangle of hair. There doesn't seem to be any kennel for the little Skye.

A journalist? Well—. An experienced newspaper man may grow testy because of the everlasting criticism poured upon him. He must be energetic—even as a terrier—if he is to get his work done. He has intelligence, in a measure, and, also like a terrier, he holds to his opinions with tenacity; and barks about them.

He must be asked. This awful curiosity must be satisfied. So—"Pardon me sir, are you Mr. Aloysius O'Brien of the *Globe and Mail?*"

The Skye sniffed, "No sir! I'm the principal of a public school."

Shock! I know that school. It's near me. And the kids say he's swell!

## No. 10 Lister Road

BY CHARLES H. CAMPBELL

NO. 10 Lister Road is gone. It wasn't anything special, I suppose. A big two-storey brick building, it was like so many in Liverpool's multiple residential districts. It was just like the one next door.

And yet there were so many things about it—for me. I can even remember the smell. You see, clean houses, when they are old, have a smell, as a clean dog has.

It was such a solid sort of a place. It looked as though it had always been there. And always would be. But after a night of screaming hell there weren't even pieces of wall left standing to show where it had been. Just a pile of brick.

Every night, grandfather used to leave his boots before the fireplace in the big living room next to the cool, darkened parlor, and go upstairs to bed in the slippers he kept under his easy chair. Cook, who slept in, would find them there in the morning and clean them against his coming down, slippered, for breakfast.

Great-aunt Lillie died there and the children were sent to stay with Uncle Charlie across the Mersey, because they were too young to see a funeral. Great-aunt Lillie, always in black, with white lace at her throat, so very, very old, she seemed. But spry and sweet-smelling of lavender and always petting her shaggy Irish terrier.

(It wasn't very far to Wavetree gardens with the terrier and you could run and run and run and never get him tired and never come to the end of the deep-carpeted grass of the playground behind the formal flower beds that had dozens of sorts of flowers but always seemed to be a sea of velvety pansies.)

Auntie Pattie died there; stern but kindly Auntie Pattie, the old maid school teacher with a downy dark moustache. But we were in America then and I can only remember Mother crying her heart out about her older sister. And then Grandfather died and it wasn't our house any more.

Uncle Arthur lived there, the bachelor, singing "Jeunesse" before his bed-room mirror as he flexed his muscles, wooden dumbbells tight-gripped in his hands: "I have taken your picture out of its frame, and out of my heart I have taken your name. . . ."

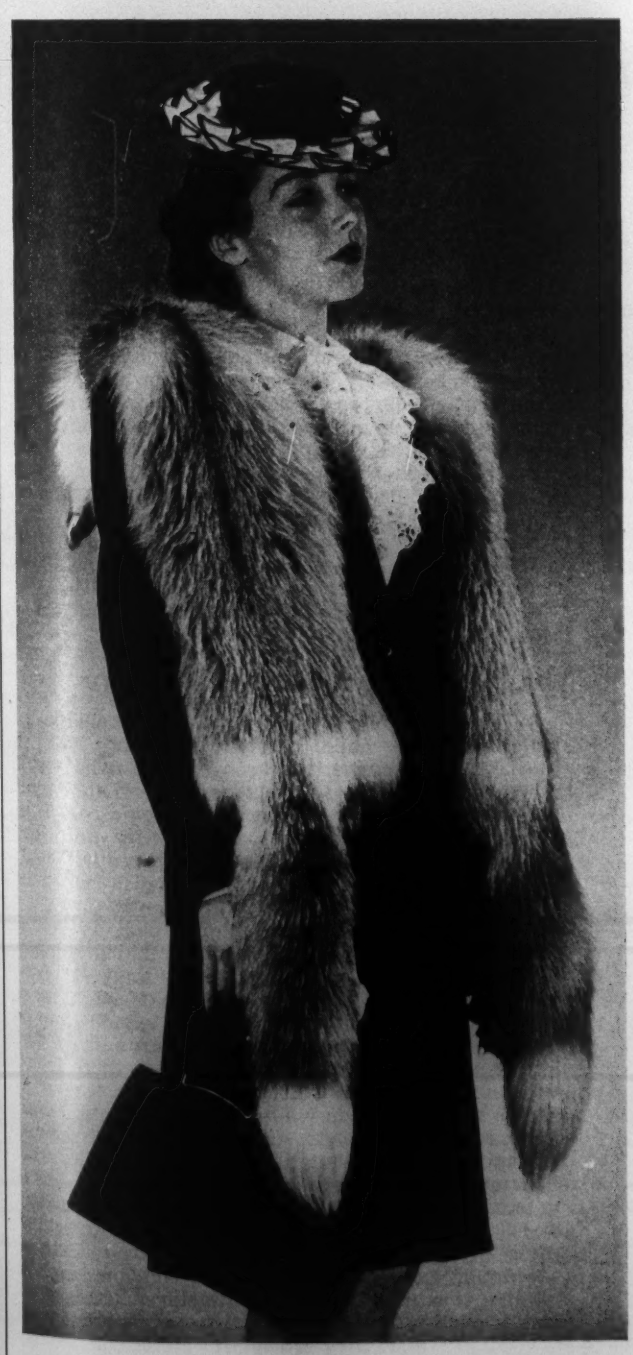
Favorite Auntie Lydia used to come with her brood and quiet, self-effacing Uncle Jim. (That meant walks with spectacled Cousin Sidney, always so grave, along the miles of great granite docks with their smells of all the world, and Southey's "Nelson" in the afternoon sun . . .)

Uncle Charlie used to come with Aunt Mary, and Uncle Alfred and his Polly and the smell of bitter beer...

It was so dark and cool in the parlor that seemed to have been there always and apparently always would be there.

Somehow a little boy hadn't figured on the mania of an under-privileged paperhanger.


at EATON'S



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..with this exercise and LeGant*

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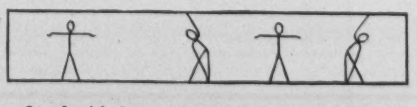

Stand with feet apart, arms raised to shoulder height. With arms level and knees straight, twist body to left. Now bend forward, touching right hand to left toes, keeping both arms straight. Repeat exercise, twisting to right.

PARISIAN CORSET MFG CO. LTD. QUEBEC, MONTREAL, TORONTO MAKERS OF NATURE'S RIVAL* BRASSIERES, GIRDLES AND CORSELETTES CORSETS FOR DEFENSE OF CANADIAN FIGURES

FINANCE
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# THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
GOLD & DROSS

*Safety for the Investor* SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 27, 1943 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

# What is Canada Going to Do About the Tariff?

BY C. W. PETERSON

**One of the big questions of post-war policy we have to face is what to do about our tariff. In the past we have been able to maintain our high standards of living only because foreign competition with Canadian industry has been eliminated by high tariff walls. But the tariff is no longer designed to support infant industries but to underwrite our fantastic wage level, says Mr. Peterson.**

**Labor in North America today constitutes the best-organized, wealthiest, and most powerful political pressure group the world has ever known. Will governments which have meekly submitted to labor dictation during the war free themselves from it afterward?**

**Mr. Peterson is the editor of the "Farm and Ranch Review", Calgary.**

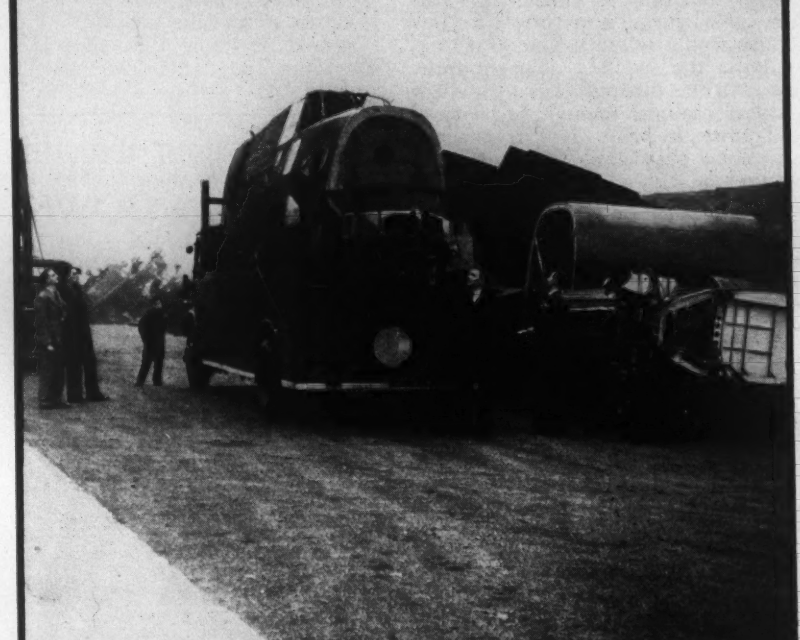
THE tariff question is one of the vital issues which the people of Canada must presently face. The post-war tariff policy of Canada will be dictated not by party expediency or by more or less stupid pre-election promises, but by irresistible pressure from within and from without. I doubt whether any significance whatever can properly be attached to any statements party leaders may make on this subject to-day. If they are wise they will make none. Our post-war tariff decision will be based on numerous, and some at present unknown, factors and influences. Events and self-interest will dictate the policy.

It is generally and sorrowfully admitted that a free trade nation cannot survive in a protectionist world. Our domestic trade policy cannot, therefore, be decided without reference to the attitude of other countries, particularly the United States. That in itself renders present discussion premature. It is, however, idle to deny that the revival of international trade would be one of the most important conditions demanded in creating the "brave new world" we all have in mind. It is equally clear that this objective is bound to encounter serious—if not fatal—obstacles. Some of these stand out like a sore thumb and cannot possibly be ignored.

Invention, mechanization and cheap transportation of raw products have for many years had the effect of unconsciously but steadily driving all nations towards economic nationalism. No country is going to purchase abroad what she can, by employing her own people, manufacture for herself even at greater cost. All nations aim at conserving employment by being as nearly self-sufficient as possible. In Europe that idea is further fortified by the hereditary war complex. All nations there have for decades been encouraging new industries. Free trade or a nominal tariff policy would be promptly rejected.

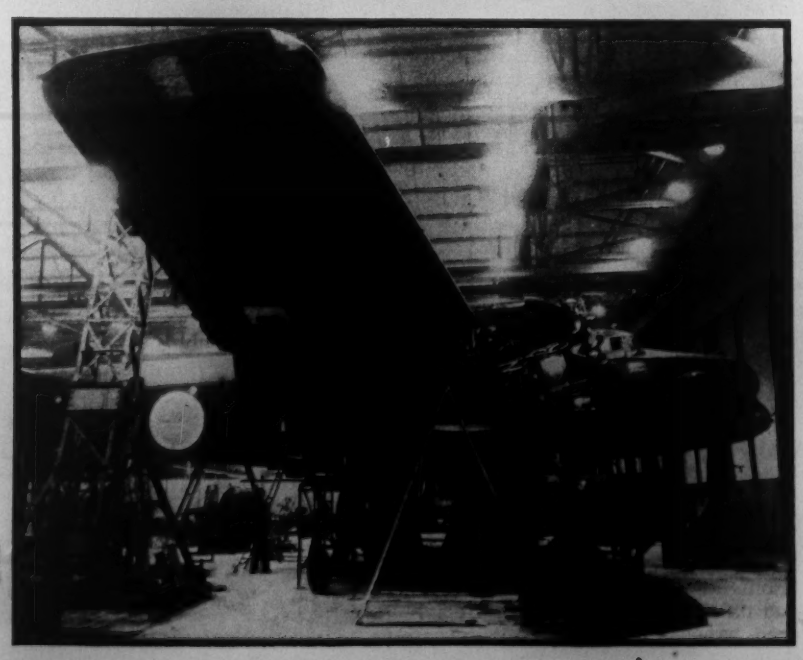
Billions of dollars have been invested in North America in scores of new industries for the manufacture of products such as rubber, which are, owing to shipping difficulties, no longer available in volume on this continent. Will these astronomical investments be scrapped and tons of thousands of workers left unemployed at the end of the war, merely in order to provide a market for natural products from abroad? Or, will an attempt be made to promote further expensive research to find methods of reducing costs, so as to enable the synthetic product to meet competition and thus salvage the huge investment and promote employment?

Advocates of economic nationalism



**Important factor in Britain's ability to keep up her now constant air assault on Nazi Europe is the bomber repair "hospital" maintained by the RAF. Here giant bombers, damaged by enemy action, are overhauled in sections, repaired and quickly put back in service. Sections too badly damaged for repair are reduced to salvage after removal of all usable parts. The latter are sent to RAF equipment stores for use in rebuilding other bombers. Thus does Britain conserve to the full her weapons of war which play so great a part in the "softening" of Germany for invasion. These pictures, taken at an RAF depot in the north of England show (above) sections of a damaged Halifax being inspected . . . . . .**

**. . . while here, in the bomber hospital, mechanics prepare a shell-torn fuselage for patching, and a rebuilt Halifax gets a final check-over.**



## THE BUSINESS ANGLE

# Exports and Social Security

BY P. M. RICHARDS

BRITONS are more advanced than Canadians in their thinking on social security. They know what we do not seem to realize yet: that legislation setting up a Beveridge or Marsh plan doesn't mean anything if the essential economic support for it is lacking; that without this support "social security' is no more than a shell, bound to betray those who look to it.

Britons today are very conscious of the part that foreign trade has always played in maintaining their economy, and the part that it must play in meeting the greater demands of the future. They know that exports are now not only important in post-war planning; they are of supreme importance without which nothing else has any meaning. Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer has given evidence of being fully aware of this fact; in this connection he stated recently that one quarter of Britain's war expenditure has been provided by increased output, one quarter by reduced consumption, and one half by drafts on British capital at home and abroad.

It seems to be plain that, if the standard of living after the war is not to decline, Britain's imports of raw materials and foodstuffs will have to be increased greatly above wartime levels, and that if the standard of living is to be progressively increased, as everyone hopes, the scale of imports must rise and continue to rise above pre-war levels. How is this to be achieved?

### Britain's Overseas Assets Gone

A country pays for its imports in one of two ways. It can pay for them out of its capital—that is, out of its holdings of foreign currency and from its income from investments held overseas, and from its capital resources at home. Or it can pay for them out of its income. But to do that means that it must export to a value at least as great as it imports. What the war has done has been to deprive Britain of a large proportion of her best income-producing foreign assets. Overlooking the question of repayments of Lend-Lease, though this will no doubt come up, it is, in the words of Britain's famed G. D. H. Cole, "highly likely that Great Britain will emerge into the post-war world with only enough overseas assets to balance claims arising out of the overseas ownership of capital invested in Great Britain, or, in other words, with a net income of nothing at all."

This means that not only will Britain have to live on her income, but, what is not at all the same thing, she will have to pay as she goes. The money to do this, the money to sustain the Beveridge Plan, to make possible a rehabilitation policy, the money to give the British soldier a continuing job when he returns from the front—that money can only come from exports. This is why many Britons are saying insistently that now is the time to do some planning for exports and to do something more than planning.

One proposal which has received attention, and some criticism on the ground that it would affect the war effort adversely, is that a certain allocation of manpower, of factory space, of raw materials, of money and of brains should now, without delay, be put at the service, not of the war, but of what the war is being fought for—the post-war. This proposal envisions a factory and in it maybe a thousand men, skilled in designing manufactured products for sale in overseas markets, men drawn from the textile industries, from the manufacturing equipment industries, from every branch of exporting industry and also from the great financial services of banking and insurance.

### Would Produce Samples of Exports

These men would be well paid, well provided for and given a free hand. They would work hand in glove with the market research experts, who would know about the post-war overseas markets and would understand what their requirements would be. Then from this factory (which has absorbed maybe a hundred-thousandth part of Britain's war potential) could come those vital samples which British salesmen would put on the markets abroad after the war.

Perhaps this is a suggestion for Canada as well as Britain. To picture a single factory making samples of all products for overseas markets may be over-simplification, and it may be true that not even so small a part of the nation's energies should now be employed on anything but the direct business of winning the war. But, as regards the latter, there is evidence that Canada as well as Britain has reached a point in war production where there is an actual over-supply of some products such as guns and ammunition, and it may be that the consequent re-allocation of manpower and productive capacity could provide for putting this proposal into effect without causing any loss to the war effort. Export markets are scarcely less important to Canada than they are to Britain, and, though our export problems are not the same as Britain's, it is certain that manufactured goods must form a much larger proportion of our exports in the post-war era than they did in the pre-war if we are going to keep our enormously enlarged manufacturing capacity employed.

Both the Canadian and British governments will provide make-work projects for the first post-war years. But they can be no more than a temporary expedient. What the returning fighting men will want is continuing employment, employment which is self-supporting economically. And it is only this kind of employment that will sustain a Beveridge or Marsh plan.

assert that the nearer a nation comes to self-sufficiency, the more freedom it has in directing and controlling its interior economy. We have earned in North America the distinction of enjoying the world's highest general standard of living. This is in an over-whelming degree based on our paying the world's highest wages to urban workers while, at the same time, providing them with cheap food, produced by a hitherto exploited agriculture which has to pay artificial prices for urban products manufactured at high cost.

### Short-Run Prosperity

This unique combination naturally promotes urban short-run prosperity. We are able to maintain such an economy simply because outside competition is eliminated by high tariff walls. The import tariff in North America is, by the way, no longer designed to support "infant" industries, but to underwrite our fantastic wage level. That has to-day become the sole tariff motive almost everywhere.

The Orient is being efficiently mechanized at a terrifying rate. Japan was in the competitive world market years ago in almost every conceivable line and offered at ridiculously low prices. China, India and Java are still to be heard from. And it will not be long. Our choice will eventually be either to curtail our industrial output or to provide an astronomical rate of tariff protection against the products of teeming coolie labor working 10 to 14 hours a day with the same equipment we have, living on a handful of rice and receiving a wage figured in cents where we have to figure ours in dollars. This also applies to European countries with wages only a third or fourth of the scale paid on this side of the Atlantic.

That is the situation we will face in the not distant future. Canada can tell her farmers that their admittedly inferior economic status is due to world conditions over which we have no control, give them a subsidy here and there—and get away with it. But that will not go down with militant labor, even if they could be expected to make sufficient wages concessions to meet Oriental competition, which would obviously be impossible. Besides, labor in its present mood has no intention of making any concessions whatever. Coercion has been found politically impossible.

### Strongest Pressure Group

Labor in North America to-day constitutes the best-organized, wealthiest and most powerful political pressure group the world has ever known. Even in the midst of a frantic national effort to produce urgent war material, unions go out on strike daily tying up essential production on the flimsiest provocation. They openly defy constituted authority in time of war.

That is the situation after more than three years of gruelling war. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude, that the post-war economic blue-print is going to be made by, or with the full approval of, organized labor. It will have generous provisions for every sort of social service for the protection of urban workers. But there will be nothing even remotely resembling free trade on it. There is no reason to expect that governments, which have meekly submitted to labor dictation during the crucial war years, will all of a sudden assert their authority when the war ends.

That, I fear, is the realistic view of the post-war tariff situation. Those idealists who envisage a world at peace with a restored international trade are mere wishful thinkers. The post-war drift towards economic nationalism the world over might easily be even more intense than in the past. After the lesson of the lean thirties, the objective uppermost in the minds of statesmen will be the conservation of domestic employment.

# News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO. of Canada is handling more than 1,000,000 tons of ore every thirty days, thereby setting a new mile post in the records attained by mines in Canada. Government controls and censorship prevent the publication of detailed records of metal output. It is only in terms of value that details may be given. For the past two years the net sales have averaged more than $14,000,000 a month. Net sales in 1942 were $169,595,728 compared with $169,722,916 in the preceding year, making a total of $339,318,644 in metals sold by this corporation in the twenty-four month period ended Dec. 31, 1942.

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International Nickel Company of Canada made an operating profit of $57,781,114 during 1942 compared with $60,685,193 or a total of $118,466,307 in the twenty-four months ended Dec. 31st, 1942.

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International Nickel Co. of Canada made provision for $25,079,285 during 1942, compared with $26,328,792 in 1941, for a total tax bill of $51,408,077 in the twenty-four months ended Dec. 31, 1942.

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Net profit realized by International Nickel Co. during 1942 was $33,301,829. This compared with $34,356,401 during 1941, making a total of $67,658,230 in the two years ended Dec. 31st, 1942.

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The announcement that Steep Rock Iron Mines has been completely financed for the program of development and construction necessary to place the enterprise on a producing basis on a big scale is something full of vast significance to the metal mining industry of Canada. Maj. Gen. D. M. Hogarth, president of Steep Rock, has displayed marked ability in the successful conduct of the business involved, which has resulted in $7,025,000 being provided for the undertaking. These funds come in the form of an advance of $5,000,000 through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation of Washington (a U.S. government agency) and the remaining $2,025,000 in a debenture issue provided by Otis & Co. of Cleveland, Ohio.

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Steep Rock Iron Mines has an authorized capitalization of 6,000,000 shares of which 5,400,000 are now outstanding. The company retains control of management. Following the repayment of the R.F.C. loan and the debenture issue in due time, the profits realized will then become available for the company stockholders. Preliminary estimates suggest production will be established on an important scale before the end of 1944, and with an objective of 2,000,000 tons a year as soon as possible thereafter.

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Lake Shore Mines has developed an ore shoot of big importance in that part of the mine lying east of the fault at the 4,825 ft. level as well as at the 4,950 ft., 5,075 ft. and 5,200 ft. levels. The work in these levels in this area has exposed an ore length of over 300 ft. containing approximately $30 to the ton across an average width of close to six feet. This is the ore shoot which was discovered last year to be dipping onto Lake Shore from one of the adjoining mines.

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Hard Rock Gold Mines produced $1,238,928 during 1942 from 191,998 tons of ore. Tax provision amounted to $103,282, after which a net profit of $215,133 was shown. The company closed the year with net working capital of $463,550 compared with $322,291 at the close of the preceding year. Owing to shortage of labor, very little development work was done, apart from shaft sinking. For this reason the ore reserves declined to an estimated 290,000 tons of $10.42 grade, or some $3,000,000. It is recognized that with adequate shaft facilities the development of new ore can be quickly proceeded with just as soon as the required labor becomes available.

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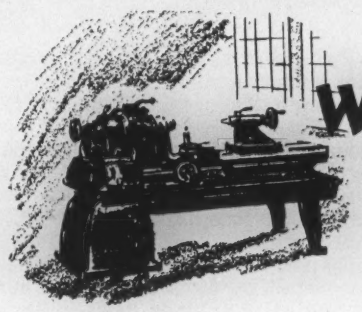
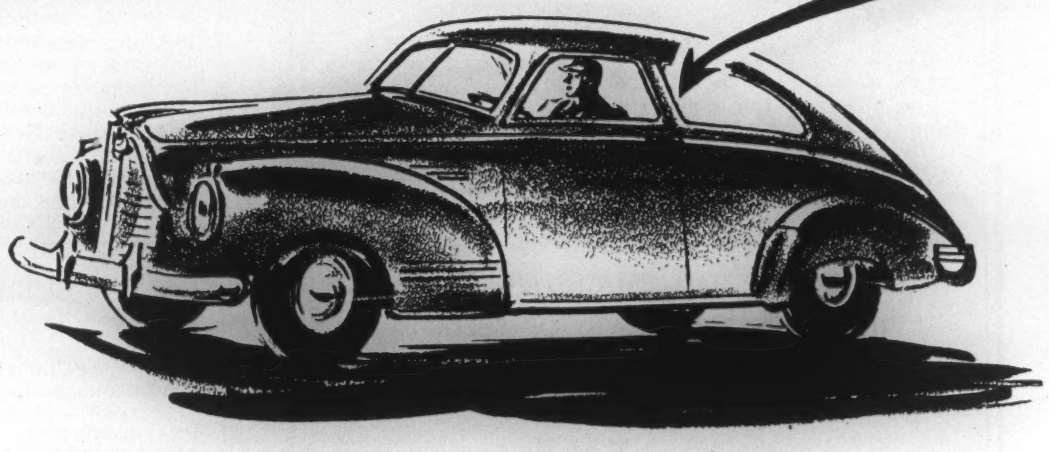
Necessity drives miners to new wisdom and accomplishments, and is a factor which is constantly contributing to the efficiency of mining operations in Canada. In 1941 the cost of operations at Siscoe Gold Mines in Quebec was $4.38 a ton. At that time the management was facing the prospect of having to deal with ore that would probably yield less than $5.00 per ton. The outlook was not impressive. It is now revealed that during 1942 the ore from the mine yielded just $4.93 per ton, but, under the spur of necessity to economize, the costs of operation during the year were reduced to an average of $3.27 a ton.

•

The United Copper Nickel Workers' Union of Sudbury has made representation to the Ontario government as well as to Ottawa regarding the status of labor in the mining fields of Northern Ontario, and with particular reference to the copper-nickel district of Sudbury and the goldfield of Kirkland Lake. The petition submitted by the United Copper Nickel Workers' Union makes the specific request that the governments forbid the setting up of local unions in Canada under American Union constitution. The statement is made: "Recent events have proved that our war effort, when it has been retarded, has been done through such locals." The object in view is to permit labor relations in the vital copper-nickel industry to be governed by the wisdom of the workmen directly involved and to protect these men from the agitation of outside influences which may involve motives detrimental to the interests of Canada and the welfare of Canadian workmen.

WAS THIS IDLE LATHE CAUSED BY THIS ?



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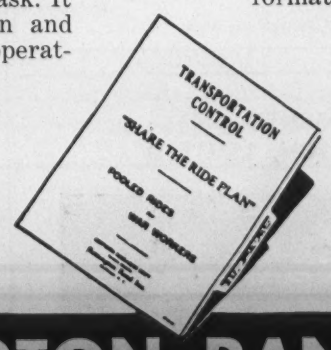


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**THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY**

**QUARTERLY DIVIDEND**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter and that the same will be payable on and after

1ST APRIL 1943

to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

4th March 1943.

**THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY**

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of twenty-two (22c) cents per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending March 31, payable May 25 to shareholders of record April 19, 1943.

By Order of the Board,
H. G. BUDDEN,
Secretary.

Montreal, March 22, 1943.

## EXECUTIVE APPOINTMENTS
## AYERST, McKENNA & HARRISON, LIMITED

WILLIAM HARRISON

W. H. WALLACE

At the recent meetings of the shareholders of Ayerst, McKenna & Harrison Limited, Biological and Pharmaceutical Chemists, and its United States subsidiary company, Mr. William Harrison was elected Chairman of the Boards of both companies and General Manager of the parent Canadian organization. Mr. W. A. S. Ayerst continues as President of the Canadian Company. Mr. W. J. McKenna assumes the presidency of the American subsidiary, Ayerst, McKenna & Harrison (United States) Limited, with Mr. W. H. Wallace as Vice-President and General Manager. The head offices of both companies are located at Montreal.

# GOLD & DROSS

**It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.**

## MONETA

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*Within the past few weeks Moneta has come up from around 20 cents to 33 cents, yet we all know that the mine must be petering out. Is it possible that the president has put some of the Moneta surplus into his magnesium company?*

*—N. D., Montreal, Que.*

Yes, your assumption is correct, Moneta has a substantial interest in Dominion Magnesium. The magnesium enterprise was formed by three groups of Canadian mining companies, one of which was Moneta and associates, and I understand each group own one-third of the 150,000 share capital.

No new ore of importance has been discovered by Moneta and the mine is now on a salvage basis, with its profitable life likely to end within a couple of months. As at March 31, 1942, the company had net current assets of approximately $1,400,000, taking investments at market value. By now some improvement is undoubtedly evident in the value of the investments, and there are the undistributed profits of last year to be added, so by the time the equipment is disposed of the net current assets of the company should be in the neighborhood of $3,000,000. Of the authorized capitalization of 3,000,000 shares, 2,543,860 are issued.

## UNION GAS

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I am the owner of some common shares of Union Gas Co., and would appreciate any comments you may be able to make on the earnings outlook, also information regarding the increase in rates to industrial users of gas which I understand has recently been authorized by the authorities.*

*—R. E. W., Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

Before the war, Union Gas' market was mainly domestic, with industrial gas sales as a non-profitable sideline. With the great increase in industrial demand in wartime, and with government rulings giving industry priority over householders, the low industrial rates meant a big decline in revenue for the company. This was reflected in August last in the passing of the regular quarterly dividend after it had been maintained at an annual rate of 80 cents a share since the latter part of 1937. The annual report for the fiscal year ending March 31,

## BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

**BY HARUSPEX**

**CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American Common stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are now regarded by us as having entered a zone of distribution.**

**INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.**

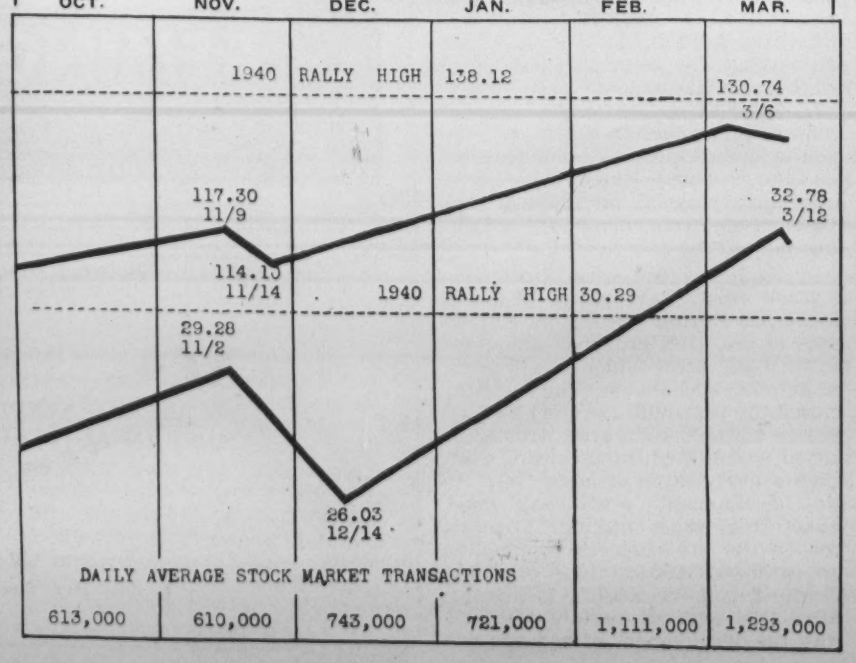
THE STOCK MARKET ENTERS MORE TROUBLED WATERS

With the approach of April the stock market enters more troubled waters—newswise—than it has travelled heretofore in 1943. For one thing, American income tax day (March 15) will have given the U.S. Treasury an opportunity to test results of last year's legislation. Some time in April, therefore, the Treasury tax proposals—never pleasant—for 1943 will go before Congress and the people. Second, with the coming of spring Germany's retreat in Russia should end and be supplanted by a German offensive in some part of Europe. Third, the African campaign of the American and British Armies should commence and may develop large casualties as well as occasion for further restrictions on the domestic economy.

It is not inconceivable that current market action is a first recognition of the approaching period as just discussed. Certainly, a more sober tone was evident over last week than that of two weeks back, when daily volumes climbed to over 2,000,000 shares on two separate occasions, with a total volume for the week of 9,360,000 shares—the highest since Pearl Harbor week. Relative drying up of volume on the existing weakness by no means is a conclusive sign, but it does suggest no large pressure of liquidation as immediately existent.

If the market is merely undergoing a digestive period at this time, preliminary to further near-term advance, as we assume is the case, it would be logical for decline, at most, to be confined within the 125/126 limits on the Dow Jones industrial average. It was from this level, established February 19, that the up-move of the past three weeks came. There is always the possibility, of course, that the first small decline from new highs is likewise the initial step of a cyclical downward movement. In such event we would feel that more technical indications are needed as evidences thereto than have so far put in their appearance.

**DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES**

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Assets Exceed $62,000,000

**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

**DIVIDEND NO. 225**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Saturday, 1st May next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st March 1943. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. WEDD
General Manager

Toronto, 12th March 1943

**SIMPSONS, LIMITED**

*Preference Dividend No. 49*

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of One dollar and sixty-two and one-half cents ($1.62½) per share on the Outstanding Paid-up Six and one-half per cent (6½%) Cumulative Preference Shares of the Company has been declared payable May 1, 1943 to shareholders of record at the close of business on March 31, 1943. The transfer books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.

Frank Hay,
Secretary

Toronto, March 22, 1943

**PENMANS LIMITED**

*Dividend Notice*

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 30th day of April, 1943.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of May to Shareholders of record of the 1st day of April, 1943.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of May to Shareholders of record of the 15th day of April, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

Montreal, March 22, 1943.
C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

**McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED**

**PREFERRED DIVIDEND NO. 61**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of $1.50 per share being at the rate of 6% per annum has been declared on the 6% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending March 31st, 1943, payable April 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record at close of business March 31st, 1943.

By Order of the Board.
FRED HUNT,
Secretary.

March 15th, 1943.

JACK FITCH

The sales department of North American Life has announced that Mr. Jack Fitch, District Manager of its Montreal Uptown Branch, was the leading salesman for the Company in the year just ended. He not only led all representatives of the Company in total volume of business for the sixth consecutive year but was also among the Company's outstanding salesmen so far as the quality of his business was concerned, with a conservation rate of 99%. Mr. Fitch has been President of the Company's Leaders Club for six consecutive years, a post awarded each year to the leading salesman of the Company.

HOME FRONT SECURITY

The valiant armed forces of this Nation need the fullest support from behind the lines. The Portage Mutual, with 59 years of achievement in helping to build and maintain Canadian economic strength, stands on a solid foundation and is serving faithfully by providing sound insurance so necessary to the war effort at home.

FIRE and WINDSTORM

The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.
WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON



DIVIDEND

CHARTERED TRUST AND EXECUTOR COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of Chartered Trust and Executor Company for the quarter ending March 31st, 1943, payable April 1st, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business March 15th, 1943.

By Order of the Board,

E. W. McNEILL,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto,
February 25th, 1943.



BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased through Saturday Night's Book Service. Address "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, enclosing postal or money order to the amount of the price of the required book or books.

A BILL TO BE PAID!

1943, is likely to show another substantial reduction in earnings, which had already dropped to $1.04 per share for the last fiscal year from the $1.41 per share shown for the year ended March 31, 1941.

However, the earnings trend will change for the better as a result of the increase in rates now permitted to industrial users. Under a Wartime Prices and Trade Board order, the company is permitted to charge industrial customers using in excess of 100 million cubic feet in any monthly billing period a special wartime surcharge not exceeding 65 cents m.c.f., and Dominion Natural Gas Company a similar surcharge of 45 cents m.c.f. Both of these companies supply United Gas and Fuel Company of Canada (in Hamilton), which they jointly control, and they are permitted to make this surcharge for gas supplied to that company and resold or supplied to any industrial customer of United Gas in excess of 100 m.c.f. in any monthly billing period. United Gas, in turn, is allowed to pass the surcharge on to such customers. A similar arrangement is made with respect to gas sold or supplied by Union Gas to Windsor Gas Company, or City Gas Company of London and resold or supplied by these companies to industrial customers.

Necessity for the adjustment arose because of wartime conditions which last year led the Power Controller to require the natural gas companies to supply industrial users on an uninterruptible basis with gas which was formerly supplied to them on an interruptible or "dump" basis at substantially below the rates applicable to the companies' domestic customers.

## WAMPUM

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I would appreciate information regarding Wampum Gold Mines who took over the Flin Flon property of the Douglas Lake Mines. What success has Wampum Gold Mines had in bringing this property into production?*

*—M. E. D., Winnipeg, Man.*

No, Wampum Gold Mines is not yet in production but last Fall it was reported having entered into a contract with Metals Reserve Corporation, United States government purchasing organization, to supply 5,000,000 pounds of arsenic. The price was said to be satisfactory and the production is to come from the Douglas Lake property, which it has under lease. The deal with Metals Reserve, however, does not provide the funds necessary to purchase a plant and allow the company working capital.

Officials of the company are at present negotiating for finances to bring the property into production. It is estimated $200,000 will be necessary for the purchase of new equipment and construction, the erection of ore bins and the preparation of stopes. The ore averages 22½ per cent arsenic and .5 ounce gold. The mine has been opened to a depth of 460 feet and four levels established, with considerable lateral development completed. The operation will result in the production of refined arsenic.

When the contract was announced it was stated it would take four or five months to get the necessary equipment for the mine and mill and that production was possible within 10 months. I understand officials are quite hopeful of success in their negotiations to raise the required funds.

## SHAWKEY

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*Can you tell me what the present position of Shawkey Gold Mines is, please?*

*—T. T. H., Hamilton, Ont.*

Shawkey Gold Mines is inactive awaiting financing for the reorganization of the company and the carrying out of further exploration. In 1939, the year after operations were suspended, plans were approved by the shareholders calling for sale of assets to a new company with eventual exchange to present holders on the basis of one new for three old. I understand the debts have been wiped out through sale of the mill and some of the equipment, and that the company has some cash on hand. The property and buildings are being kept in condition for reopening.

## CONIAURUM

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*Please report on Coniaurum Mines re present standing, ability to continue dividends and possibilities of future development.*

*—C. F., Shelburne, Ont.*

Coniaurum Mines is maintaining its ore position, but tonnage and production has been lowered owing to the shortage of labor. Earnings in 1942 of $415,624, after provision for taxes, but before deduction of depreciation reserve and other year end adjustments, compared with $487,276 in the preceding year. Unless something unforeseen happens maintenance of the current dividend seems reasonably sure.

With a return of normal conditions higher production can be expected. Minewise the situation is the best in the company's history and while it is difficult as yet to block out actual tonnages, it is safe to assume that the present showings indicate many years of life. Net working capital is in excess of $700,000.

## ROBERT MITCHELL CO.

*Editor, Gold & Dross:*

*I have some common shares of the Robert Mitchell Company and am a little disturbed about the outlook for maintenance of dividends. I note that 1942 earnings covered the $2 a share paid last year by a good margin, but the question is, what kind of a margin will there be with a whole year of 100 per cent excess profits tax?*

*—R. M. E., Oakville, Ont.*

The answer to your question about maintenance of dividends—meaning, presumably, continuance in 1943 of the $2 a share paid in 1942—was provided by S. C. Holland, president of the Robert Mitchell Co., Ltd., in the recently-issued annual report for 1942. He said that earnings available for dividends in 1942—$4.76 per share, as against $5.31 for 1941—had warranted the $2 dividends paid, but that future payments may be modified when the present excess profits tax, which applied for only half of 1942, is exacted against earnings for the full year. "Had this tax been in effect throughout all of 1942", Mr. Holland explained, "the net earnings available for dividends would have been reduced to approximately $1.35 per share; the refundable portion of the tax (equal to $3.65 per share) would, however, have been increased to $7.30 per share."

While the possibility or likelihood of a dividend reduction is thus clearly indicated, it is of interest to note that the company's financial position has improved considerably in recent years. Since 1938, earned surplus has been increased by $547,240 or $7.56 per share to $660,320. Net working capital has risen by $735,793 since 1939, while plant account (before deduction of depreciation reserve) was increased by $789,576. In the past year alone, net working capital was increased by $472,413 to $1,103,664, while plant account rose by $327,042 and an equity of $264,323 was built up in the refundable portion of excess profits tax. Bank loans of $803,000 were entirely eliminated at the end of 1942.


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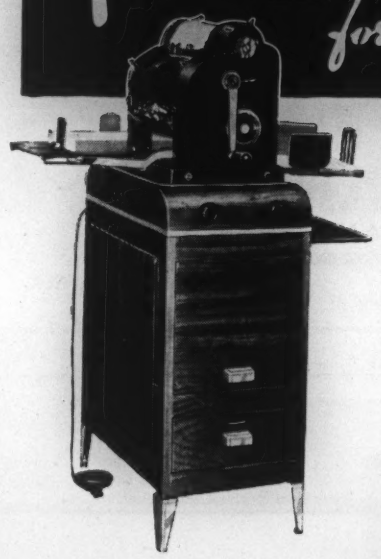

WAR time demands from our armed forces and war industries have thrown upon Gestetner the responsibility of furnishing the equipment and supplies necessary to produce many hundreds of thousands of copies per day over and above regular peace time production.

With fifty per cent. of our male staff on active service, this added responsibility has fallen upon the shoulders of a greatly curtailed staff. That these people have been able to carry on and still give satisfactory service is due, in no small measure, to the hearty co-operation we have had from the many thousands of regular Gestetner users throughout Canada.

Naturally, our armed forces and war industries must be given first priority on new Gestetners and on Gestetner supplies. Fortunately however, Gestetner "rebuilt" machines are still available for essential civilian use and, thanks to the co-operation of our users in following a program of economy, we have adequate supplies of stencils and inks to meet reasonable requirements.

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*Chartered Accountants*

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15 Wellington Street West TORONTO

## NEW DIRECTORS

CLARENCE WALLACE

GEORGE BRADEN

The Crown Life Insurance Company announces the appointment of two new directors, Mr. Clarence Wallace, of Vancouver, and Mr. George Braden, of Toronto. Mr. Wallace is president of the Burrard Dry Dock Co., of the Wallace Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., and of the Wallace Foundry Co., all of Vancouver. Mr. Braden is president of the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Toronto, of the Government-owned Small Arms Limited, Toronto, and of Joseph Choquette Co., Limited, St. Johns, Quebec.

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## RENEWAL OF UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE BOOKS

*To All Employers:*

**All Unemployment Insurance Books for the current fiscal year 1942-43 must be turned in for replacement by new books.**

*Between*

**MARCH 29th and APRIL 3rd**

New Insurance Books for the fiscal year 1943-44 will be exchanged by the Local Employment and Selective Service Office in your area for expired Insurance Books.

Do not send in your Insurance Books without completing forms enclosed with circular letter No. 625.

If you have not received this circular letter, get in touch with your nearest Employment and Selective Service Office immediately.

Where it is necessary to quote the Employee's Insurance Number, use the number with the prefix letter shown on the front cover of the book: example P-49247, E-22454. **Do not** quote the book serial number printed on the inside pages of the book.

**Protect the benefit rights of your employees** by following closely the procedure outlined in the circular letter, and prevent delays by acting now.

***There are severe penalties for failing to make Unemployment Insurance contributions for your insured employees and for failure to renew the Insurance Books as required.***

**UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE COMMISSION**

HON. HUMPHREY MITCHELL
*Minister of Labour*

*Commissioners:*
LOUIS J. TROTTIER
R. J. TALLON
ALLAN M. MITCHELL

# ABOUT INSURANCE

## Candid Criticism by an Insider

BY GEORGE GILBERT

**Published herewith is a Letter to the Editor from an experienced insurance man who with rare candor goes so far as to express the opinion that the existing prejudice against the insurance business is justified, and that it is mostly due to the attitude of the companies towards those who have claims to collect under their policies.**

**As a remedy, he suggests the setting up of a tribunal where for a small fee of say five dollars those who have insurance claims to collect, but cannot afford present court costs, could have their cases adjudicated at little expense. Such a plan for the settlement of industrial insurance claims has been in force for some years in Britain where a claimant can have his case tried by the Industrial Assurance Commissioner for the small fee of ten shillings.**

IN OUR issue of March 13 there was an article on this page dealing with the prejudice which still exists in many quarters against the insurance business—but less against the life branch than against the other branches—mainly because the business as a whole has failed to take the masses of the people into its confidence. Emphasis in insurance advertising on size and wealth rather than on the benefits furnished and service rendered was cited as a contributing cause of the cynical rather than sympathetic attitude of the public towards insurance.

As evidence that insurance executives both in Canada and the United States are becoming more concerned about the problem of establishing better relations with the public, reference was made to a recent address by Mr. C. H. Smith, manager at Chicago of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, one of the largest and strongest companies in the business, who stated frankly that there is considerable animosity or indifference towards insurance on the part of the public who, he said, generally do not regard insurance as doing a particularly good job; nor, he added, do they think that all their operations, and especially the remuneration insurance men get from the business, or the profits that are made by the companies, are legitimate. He further stated: "Ask any banker how much profit he thinks the insurance companies make and he will say that it is high. He will not believe that the average profit in the insurance business for the past ten years was only in the neighborhood of two per cent until his attention is called to the figures."

### Reply to Article

Since publication of this article, we have received a somewhat lengthy but interesting communication from another insurance man of nearly twenty years' experience, who questions the correctness of some of the views expressed, and proceeds to deal with the situation as he sees it from the standpoint of an insider. While it has not caused us to modify our views to any extent, in our opinion it merits careful perusal, and is printed in full herewith:

Editor, About Insurance:

In reply to Mr. George Gilbert's article in Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT of March 13, entitled "Prejudice Against Insurance", I submit the following:

In this remarkable revelation, Mr. Gilbert points out that, "recently a survey was made of several hundred newspaper editors throughout the country. They were asked to grade ten industries, showing the public good-will for each of them. Insurance was one of them, and invariably insurance was graded tenth." What a commentary on the greatest commercial institution of our Democratic way of life! Mr. Gilbert continues with certain statements, such as "in the great majority of cases the business is as efficiently and economically administered as any other commercial undertaking", and again that, "the average profit was in the neighborhood of 2% for the past ten years", and further that, "the cost of the coverage under a government monopoly, all things considered, may be greater than when insurance is conducted as a private enterprise". I would like to know how any of these assertions can be substantiated, and am convinced that an impartial examination of the facts over a period of years will prove them to be incorrect. The only reason he gives for this widespread prejudice against insurance is the lack of proper advertising, the stress being placed on the amount of money possessed by the companies, instead of on the service they render. I agree with him that this has been a mistake, but it has only been a very small mistake, and one of many far more serious. It is altogether a very gentle "rap on the knuckles" for the insurance companies, and I wonder if they can find in it, a solution to the problem?

Let me go further with Mr. Gilbert in this matter, by saying that, if we could look secretly into the minds of the Judges on the Bench, we would find this same adverse attitude. It is well known that, where any reasonable doubt exists, the Court gives the policyholder the benefit of that doubt, as indeed it should. Notwithstanding this general prejudice, the fact remains that people generally believe in the solidity and strength of the companies, and have a good deal of one might say, awe, for them; this is a picture of things as they are. To arrive at a solution, we must make a bold and sincere attempt, to see the defects; a gentle "rap on the knuckles" can serve no useful purpose, but rather increase the public contempt, by seeming to excuse.

Of one thing we can be sure, that, over a period of years, this prejudice has been earned; it is no accident. Whether it is deserved or not, each must decide for himself. For my part I am frank to say, that I feel that it has been justly deserved. It is time that someone "spoke up to" the companies, if they ever hope to get rid of that "smugness" which Mr. Smith referred to, and with which I have often been in collision.

On the basis of my nearly twenty years' experience in the business, I would give the reasons for this nation-wide prejudice as follows.

1. The attitude of the companies toward all claimants appearing be-

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Randall Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

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THE MONARCH LIFE
ESTABLISHED 1906
Assurance Company
A PROGRESSIVE CANADIAN COMPANY

fore them, seeking a settlement of a claim. The attitude is, to start with, one of obvious suspicion toward the claimant, concluding with one of condescension upon making a settlement.

2. The frequency with which claims are denied, and the frequency of Court cases, and the resulting impressions from these cases, whether they be favorable or otherwise, upon the policyholder.

3. The unexplainable and seemingly irrational conduct of the companies in certain cases, brought about by the secret Treaty or "Knock for Knock" agreements existing between them. I am referring particularly to Auto insurance. Sometimes it appears to the public that the company doesn't care or wish to protect itself, and deliberately throws away money.

4. The complicated wording of policies, and the seemingly hidden away exclusions, which are all too numerous.

5. The lack of any control or punitive powers held by the companies over their Brokers or Agents for misrepresentation, or for lack of proper representation of policy coverage, which amounts to the same thing as misrepresentation. And the lack of any similar body possessing punitive powers over the companies themselves.

6. The outrageous cost of doing business; 50 to 60 per cent commissions to Brokers and Agents are too high. I have heard of as much as 60% being paid, as a commission by smaller companies to get into a good Broker's office. No other business I have ever heard of could operate with such an overhead and remain solvent.

7. The refusal to issue new coverages as the need arises in a modern world; the desire to stand "pat" with old policy forms and wordings, dating back fifty years or more.

8. The large number of companies in a limited field of business, leading to cut throat practices to secure agents, and to secure switching of business by the agents.

9. The extension of unwarranted and self-destroying credit to Brokers and Agents, of 60 days to six months.

10. The stressing of their power and might in advertising, this being the pièce-de-résistance against which no man can survive. This is the cause submitted by Mr. Gilbert.

All of these except No. 8 are of the companies' own creation, and could have been avoided. In fact a little ingenuity and fair play could have solved even No. 8. It would take too long to deal with each one of these points fully and conclusively at this time.

Whether we have gone too far down the road to turn back the tide of public opinion is not certain: whether the companies have among them enough executives of vision and daring to undertake any general reformation is very doubtful. We shall very probably see Health, Hospital, Accident and Auto insurance taken over by the Government in the near future. I don't suppose the companies will take much notice of Mr. Gilbert's advice, and probably none of mine. The only satisfaction I get out of it is, "I told you so years ago". There are many men holding the control who if threatened with the loss of their accident business, or many another line, would merely reply "Oh well it was never a profitable line anyway" if it happened to be some line that they did not fancy; notwithstanding the fact that there might be a dozen other companies doing very well in that line of business and in the same territory. I have heard this remark too often before; so you will pardon my lack of faith, as to whether the insurance business as a private enterprise, is on the way out or not.

There would be no justification for going into this matter at some length if I did not have some concrete suggestion to offer, over and above the ten points mentioned, which must be dealt with. I make this suggestion believing that it may mean the salvation of the companies for some years to come, and believing that, whether it comes at the express wish of the companies themselves at this time, it will come eventually as an act of government, and in a different attitude and temper toward insurance generally. The suggestion is for the creation of a Government Claims Board for all claims, except Public Liability, whose decision would be final. Reference to the Board would be in writing accompanied by a nominal fee of $5, setting forth the particulars. If the Board awarded the amount or anything less than the amount offered by the company, then the fee would be lost, and the award paid over to the claimant immediately; if no award had been offered by the company, and the Board made an award, or made an increase in any offer made, then the company would be required to pay all the costs of deliberation of the Board on the case, in addition to a fee of five dollars, and immediately pay over to the claimant the award granted. I know certain legal changes would have to be made to bring this about.

It would then become the aim of every company to boast that it had never had any offered settlement rejected by the Board; or even perhaps, that it had not had recourse to the Board for a given number of years. The Board would be there to protect the little man, and it would be there as a creation of the companies themselves; as an everlasting proof of their good intentions. Under such a system, they could get somewhere with the public.

It is all very well to say that we have the Courts for such purposes, quite true. Heaven forbid that we should ever be without them. But in actual practice every company, and company executive, knows full well that not one person in a thousand has the money to go to Court, and, further, they can not afford to lose the time; at times, too, it is known that a Court action would mean vocational embarrassment or dismissal, or domestic embarrassment, and this latter is sometimes taken advantage of, so it really amounts to accepting what is offered or getting nothing at all; and sometimes that is all that is offered—nothing. For all practical purposes the company is both Judge and Jury of its own case and actions. The buyer is a comparatively small fellow who buys because he is afraid and needs protection, and has to rely entirely on the mercy and good will of the company, to whom he has paid money to protect him from loss.

The situation is 100% one-sided, and these little fellows are beginning to realize it aplenty; and are getting stronger and stronger for State Insurance. They intend to get a lot more value for their insurance dollar in the future; and they are entitled to a lot more—a lot more than thirty-five cents, or thereabouts. It can be done, as the records of many Mutuals have proved.

—T. J. T., Toronto, Ont.

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## Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

What is the financial position of the Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company of Switzerland, and to what extent are Canadian policyholders protected in the event of their having a large claim to collect?

—C. K. D., Montreal, Que.

Canadian policyholders of the Zurich General Accident and Liability Insurance Company, Limited, with head office at Zurich, Switzerland, and Canadian head office at Toronto, are amply protected by the deposit which the company maintains with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of its Canadian policyholders exclusively, and which cannot be withdrawn as long as the company has any liabilities in Canada, and by its surplus of assets in Canada over its liabilities in Canada.

At the beginning of 1942, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total assets in Canada were $1,666,674, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $675,841, showing a surplus of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $990,833.

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## DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

ON ITS 75th birthday, which it is celebrating this month, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company leads all insurance institutions in the world not only as regards volume of business in force, financial resources, number of policyholders and payments to policyholders, but also as regards organized health activities, which the company established in 1909, and through which it has contributed substantially to healthier, longer lives for its policyholders, so that these lives, taken from birth, now average twenty years longer than they did in 1868.

In its 75 years of existence the company has weathered all kinds of vicissitudes — wars, panics, depressions, epidemics, disasters of many kinds—and today occupies a stronger business and financial position than ever. Through its welfare activities as well as through its insurance operations, it has won a secure place in the confidence and esteem of the citizens, high and low, of the various communities in which it carries on business.


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Thousands of Canadian men and women are doing a most necessary job of converting farm products to transportable food for millions of fighters and civilians overseas Much credit is due those working in canning, dehydration, curing, packing, refrigerating, and shipping. With war industries and their workers the Bank of Montreal is working helpfully by supplying the kind of banking service suited to the times

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A 179

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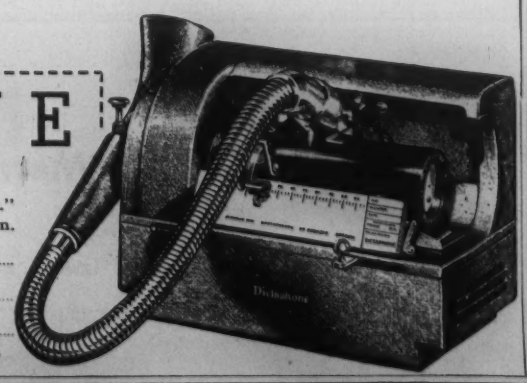

# Question of Unemployment is a National One

*London*

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

**Here this paper's London financial correspondent reviews the Lever Brothers and Unilever Ltd. pamphlet "The Problem of Unemployment", which is arousing much interest in Canada and the United States as well as Great Britain, and which was the subject of an article by B. K. Sandwell in our issue of March 13.**

LEVER BROTHERS and Unilever Limited has entered the battle of the pamphlets with "The Problem of Unemployment". It has learned from the faults of its rivals and adversaries, calls Beveridge friend, and talks like a capable economist who is not ashamed of his science even today, when economic orthodoxy is become a drawing-room joke among the stupid.

Even more important than the Lever program is the Lever approach. Here is a great scapegoat of the anti-monopolists putting into plain language the dangers of a policy which should give industry more power. Here is Big Business refusing to talk about the need for a government of hard-headed business men who can get things done, and talking instead about the long-term planning of investment so that the country may sail between the Scylla of boom and the Charybdis of slump. Here is Capitalism speaking of keeping the people in work as though that were the major thing in all economic planning.

It is all very new and invigorating very different from the tired platitudes of the cranks who believe that Britain's prosperity lies in manuring her barren lands with her capital, so that she can grow wheat at double the cost of imported wheat, and sustain a musical-comedy Merrie England at prodigal expense; different from the religious leaders who, entering fields in which they have every right but no competence, denounce profits without in the least knowing what profits really are; and most of all different from the pukka old-fashioned vested interests, who want to know what the devil Beveridge is thinking of doing, and can't he see that he is planning for the comfort of drones and for the emasculation of the nation.

Levers put at the forefront the fact, simple and obvious but so often overlooked or ignored, that the question of unemployment is a national one, and that it is no better for 70 per cent of industry to be fully employed if the remaining 30 per cent has got a million out of work than if the idle million are spread over all industry. As an extension of this it follows that industry should be given no particular powers of government, for that would surely involve sectional efficiencies and inefficiencies in the solving of the employment problem. By fixing the responsibility on the Government (how curious it is that it is considered now almost revolutionary to expect the Government to govern in such matters) Levers are able to see the question in all its size, and to propose answers big enough to answer it.

The diagnosis agrees with the economic text book. The real cause of unemployment is the irregularity of capital investment. The first thing, then, is to achieve stability here. The Government, able to manage the monetary system, to fix the rate of interest, and to levy taxation, can, if it is also able to see which way the wind is blowing, make provision against incipient boom and incipient slump. Against boom it must contract the credit base, raise taxation, allow interest rates to move up, and restrict the issue of new capital (if necessary by taxation). Against slump it will do the opposite, arranging for abundant supplies of cheap money, embarking on capital investment on its own account (public works), and reducing taxation.

The means to these ends is a double-budget system. An ordinary Budget arranges to meet standing expenditure out of current revenue. An extraordinary Budget, designed as an anticipatory stabiliser, meets capital expenditure and the necessary emergency measures. This extraordinary Budget will either check spending or encourage it.

## Planning by Industry

Industry is not left out. It must plan for the long term, so that it contributes nothing to the "violent fluctuations in extensions of productive investment that are the root cause of irregularities of employment". It must frame its policy to ensure maximum production, a matter facing towards the care of employees as much as towards technical efficiency. It must train redundant work people for other work so that the employable population automatically is able to shift from centres of less employment to centres of greater employment.

This, very briefly, is the essence of the scheme. There is, of course, a gap. Beveridge was assuming a certain condition of prosperity for his plan to work. Levers do the same. Their plan does not forget to talk about the importance of reviving international trade, and deals with items like the control of raw materials. But the plan is still awaited which will explain in detail how the restoration of the world economy even to the pre-war level is to be secured. Yet that is the *sine qua non* of all the "internal" schemes of which, so far, Beveridge and Lever are the flower.

The reason why this job has not been tackled is obvious enough. It is a matter for Governments, because to begin with it is a matter of international co-operation. All our pamphlets, the bad and the good, take for granted the Atlantic Charter, but the Atlantic Charter was the briefest of outlines, and it has never been filled in. So far as concerns Britain the very first essential is the development, very rapidly, of her overseas trade. Have the Government, or Lever Brothers, a blueprint for that?

**Still feminine 'neath their masculi uniform, girls of an ack-ack batte in Britain employ off-duty mome in weaving these Scottish tarta**


*On this, our 75th Birthday...*

TODAY, our countries are at war—engaged in a desperate struggle to determine whether the freedom we have created and cherished shall survive or perish.

Beside the all-embracing immensity of that issue, the Diamond Anniversary which Metropolitan celebrates this month is of small importance.

Yet, on our 75th birthday, it is perhaps proper that this company, representing nearly thirty million policyholders in Canada and the United States, should here voice its faith in the future, and its determination to help make that future brighter than any period in the past.

We have just reason for that faith. Ours is a business that has been built on faith—faith in the continued and growing greatness of Canada and the United States, faith in the integrity of our people.

In the 75 years since Metropolitan was founded, on March 24, 1868, we have faced crisis after crisis—wars, panics, depressions, disasters of many kinds . . . and from each such crisis we have seen our countries emerge stronger than ever. We confidently believe that they will do just that again—that the best years of history lie before us.

We have every reason, too, for our determination to help make that future brighter. No business, perhaps, touches the lives and aspirations of millions of people more closely than ours. It is our plain duty to do our utmost to help those people fulfill their dreams—of an education for their children, of security for their families, of financial independence in their own old age.

In the past, we have tried to perform that duty through the wise investment of more than six billion dollars which we hold for the benefit of our policyholders. We have tried to do it through conscientious, economical management, so that insurance costs would be held to a minimum. We have tried to do it through the prompt payment of all benefits—which, in the 75 years of our existence, have totalled over nine and a half billion dollars. And through our organized health activities, established in 1909, we have tried to make every possible contribution to healthier, longer lives for our policyholders—lives which, taken from birth, now average over twenty years longer than they did in 1868.

In doing these things, we have also tried to be a good citizen. For we are part of Canada and the United States. Their future is our future. And in this critical hour in history, we say again — our faith in that future has never been stronger.

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY*

NEW YORK

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